



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH *Tommy*
TOMORROW



10¢

AUG. NO.147

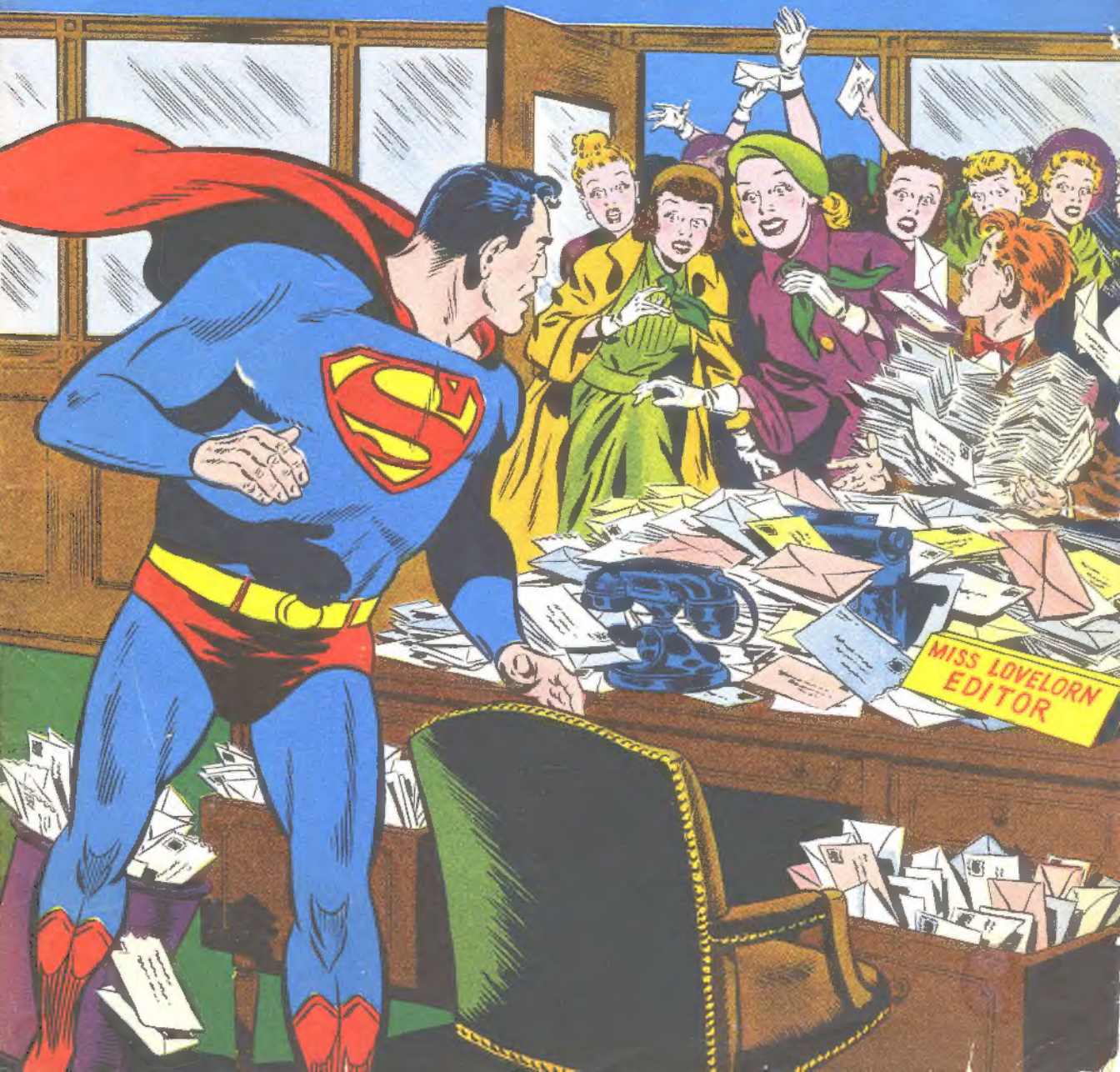
52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

In this issue:

SUPERMAN

FACES A
NEW KIND OF
CHALLENGE!



SUPERMAN

NO. 11 - 15 CENTS

ALMOST EVERY BIG NEWSPAPER HAS A ROMANCE EDITOR WHOSE DUTIES ARE TO GIVE ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN-- TO WRITE AND PUBLISH ANSWERS TO THOSE WHO WRITE IN ABOUT THEIR ROMANTIC PROBLEMS! AND OF COURSE THE DAILY PLANET HAS SUCH A WRITER, WHO IS CALLED "MISS LOVELORN". BUT IMAGINE THE SURPRISE AND DISMAY OF CLARK KENT, ALIAS SUPERMAN, WHEN HE IS FORCED TO TAKE ON THE JOB! THAT'S WHY, WITH THE BLACKOUT BANDITS ON THE MARCH IN METROPOLIS, THE MAN OF STEEL IS KEPT BUSY MENDING BOTH BROKEN HEARTS AND BROKEN LAWS, WHEN...

"SUPERMAN BECOMES Miss Lovelorn!"

MY ADVICE TO YOU IS-- SURRENDER!

I HAVE TWO BOY FRIENDS, LOVELORN AND VICTOR. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE TO MARRY. AM I MEETING THEM BOTH ON THE METROPOLIS BRIDGE AT SIX P.M. TONIGHT. WILL YOU BE THERE TO GIVE ME YOUR ADVICE?
MABEL SLURP

BOYS, NOW THAT SUPERMAN IS GIVING ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN AT THE DAILY PLANET, THIS LETTER SHOULD GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY WHEN WE STICK UP THAT BANK TONIGHT!



CRIME REACHES EVEN INTO THE TUNNELS UNDER METROPOLIS THAT CARRY THE COMPLEX POWER WIRES OF THE GREAT CITY!

SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT CABLE, MARLY? IT'S NEARLY THE TIME THAT "CHECKS" SAID TO CUT IT!

DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW MY PROFESSION? OF COURSE THIS IS THE MAIN POWER CABLE TO STACY'S!



IN STACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE NEARBY, "CHECKS" ROSS AND HIS BANDITS ENTER EXACTLY ON TIME!

EXACTLY EIGHT O'CLOCK-- MARLY WILL BE CUTTING THE CABLE NOW!

WE'RE ALL READY, "CHECKS"!



SKILLFUL HANDS SEVER A GREAT CABLE...



...AND IN THE GREAT STORE, A SUDDEN BLACKOUT!

HELP! THERE ARE BANDITS HERE AND THEY GRABBED THE WHOLE DAY'S CASH RECEIPTS!

THE ELECTRIC ALARMS BEING OFF MADE IT EASIER! NOW TO CLEAN OUT THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT!



TWO REPORTERS OF THE DAILY PLANET, CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE, GUESS WHAT IS HAPPENING...

LOOK! THIS IS "OPEN-AT-NIGHT" DAY FOR ALL THE DEPARTMENT STORES, BUT THE LIGHTS OF THE STACY STORE ALL WENT OUT!

THE BLACKOUT BANDITS ARE AT WORK AGAIN!



...FOR THE BLACKOUT BANDITS, MASTERS OF ELECTRICAL SABOTAGE, HAVE RAIDED METROPOLIS BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT!

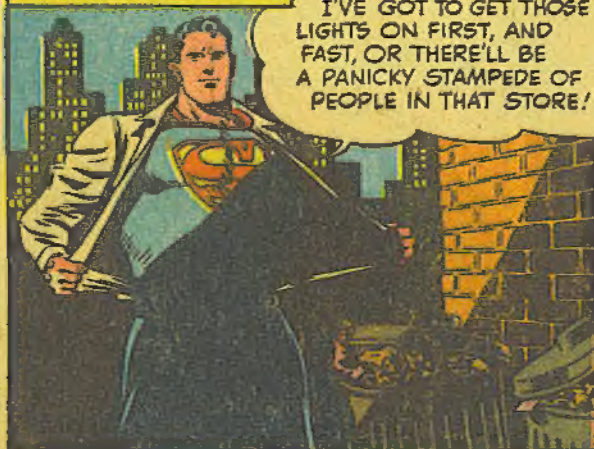
COME ON, CLARK-- WE CAN GET A SCOOP ON THIS STORY BY BEING ON THE SCENE!

NO, LOIS, YOU WAIT HERE AND I'LL--ER-- GET HELP!



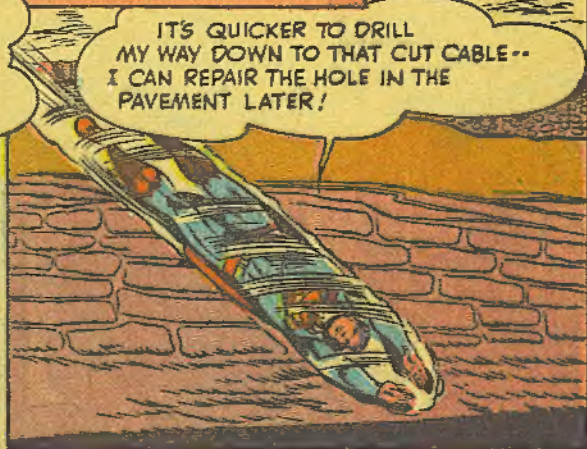
IN A NEARBY ALLEY, A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND TIMID CLARK KENT BECOMES MIGHTY SUPERMAN!

I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE LIGHTS ON FIRST, AND FAST, OR THERE'LL BE A PANICKY STAMPEDE OF PEOPLE IN THAT STORE!



USING HIS PENETRATING X-RAY VISION TO FIND THE SEVERED CABLE, THE MAN OF STEEL ACTS INSTANTLY!

IT'S QUICKER TO DRILL MY WAY DOWN TO THAT CUT CABLE-- I CAN REPAIR THE HOLE IN THE PAVEMENT LATER!



THEN, UNHARMED BY THE ENORMOUS ELECTRIC CURRENT, SUPERMAN SEIZES THE ENDS OF THE CABLE!

SUPER-PRESSURE WILL WELD IT TOGETHER BETTER THAN NEW! BUT THE BLACKOUT BANDITS MUST HAVE EXPERT ELECTRICIANS, TO HAVE IDENTIFIED THE STORE CABLE AMONG ALL THESE!



A MOMENT LATER...

SUPERMAN, IT WAS *YOU* WHO GOT THE LIGHTS BACK ON? IT PREVENTED A PANIC-- BUT THE BLACKOUT BANDITS TOOK WARNING AND ESCAPED IN TIME!

THEY'VE GOT TO BE CAUGHT, AND I'M DEVOTING MYSELF TO THE JOB FROM NOW ON!

BUT RIGHT NOW I'D BETTER BECOME CLARK KENT AGAIN AND REJOIN LOIS!



BUT WHEN THE QUICK TRANSFORMATION IS MADE...

SHE'S GONE! SHE MUST HAVE GONE BACK TO THE OFFICE WITH THE STORY!



AN ANGRY LOIS LANE FACES EDITOR PERRY WHITE AT THE PLANET OFFICE!

EVERY OTHER PAPER WILL HAVE THIS MUCH, AND MORE, ON THE RAID, LOIS!

I'D HAVE GOT A SCOOP ON THE BLACKOUT BANDITS IN ACTION, IF CLARK HADN'T ASKED ME TO WAIT FOR HIM-- THEN HE DISAPPEARED!



EVERY TIME THERE'S TROUBLE, CLARK KENT RUNS OUT ON ME!

HE'S LET YOU DOWN ONCE TOO OFTEN! I'LL TEACH HIM TO RUN AWAY FROM SCOOPS!

OH, OH, I'M IN FOR IT--AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN THAT I DISAPPEAR SO I CAN BECOME SUPERMAN!

CLARK, THE WOMAN WRITER WHO IS OUR "MISS LOVELORN" IS ILL! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE HER PLACE!

WHAT, *ME*, "MISS LOVELORN"? YOU'RE JOKING, PERRY!

I AM *NOT* JOKING! YOU GET TO WORK AND ANSWER THOSE LOVELORN LETTERS WITH GOOD ADVICE! IF YOU DO A GOOD JOB, YOU'LL GET YOUR REGULAR JOB BACK QUICKER!

IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA, PERRY!

SO CLARK KENT FINDS HIMSELF HOLDING THE MOST UNENVIED JOB ON THE PLANET!

MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE ME ADVICE ON MY ROMANCE WITH SUPERMAN, "MISS LOVELORN"!

MY GIRL HIT ME WITH A BALL BAT WHEN I CALLED. DO YOU THINK HER AFFECTION IS COOLING, "MISS LOVELORN"?

GO AHEAD AND HAVE YOUR FUN, YOU JOKERS!

BUT LATER, CLARK REALIZES THE SERIOUSNESS OF HIS PREDICAMENT...

TIED DOWN TO THIS DESK AS "MISS LOVELORN", I CAN'T GET OUT FOR LONG AT A TIME TO BECOME SUPERMAN! AND THAT MEANS I CAN'T ROOT OUT THE BLACKOUT BANDITS!

SO CLARK RESOLVES ON THE ONLY HOPEFUL PLAN OF ACTION!

PERRY SAID I COULD GET OFF THIS JOB QUICKER IF I DID A GOOD JOB AS "MISS LOVELORN"! ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO A *SUPER*-JOB! LET'S LOOK AT THESE LETTERS!



HM, AS SUPERMAN I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIX UP THAT BLIGHTED ROMANCE IN MY LUNCH-HOUR!

*Dear Miss Lovelorn:
My fiance Joe Smith and I
cant get married because of
money. He owns a concession
at South Beach and it's been a
poor season there. What should
I do?*

Daisy Martin

SOON, AT SOUTH BEACH

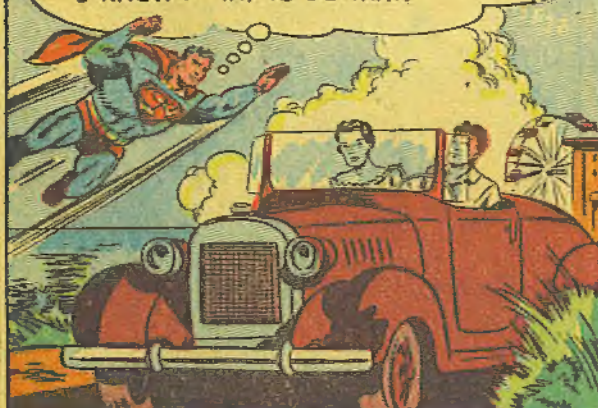
JOE, MISS LOVELORN'S ANSWER JUST CAME SPECIAL DELIVERY! SHE SAYS WE OUGHT TO GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY AND NOT WORRY ABOUT MONEY!

THIS POOR BEACH SEASON HAS ME BROKE-BUT WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE, DAISY! WE'LL DO IT NOW!

AND NOW "MISS LOVELORN" HAS TO MAKE GOOD FOR THEM!



IT'S A GOOD, SAFE BEACH, AND I'D BE HELPING PEOPLE BY CALLING THEIR ATTENTION TO IT! HM, I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO DO THAT!



ROCKETING OUT TO SEA, THE MAN OF STEEL DIVES INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS FOR THE ATTRACTION HE SEEKS!



SWIMMING UNDER WATER, SUPERMAN GROUNDS THE ANCIENT SEA-ROVER JUST OFF-SHORE FROM JOE'S PLACE. SOON...

LOOK, THERE'S THE VIKING SHIP THE RADIO REPORTED-

AND SAY, THAT'S A NICE BEACH, TOO!



AND WHEN THE JUST-MARRIED JOE AND DAISY RETURN...

LOOK, THOSE CROWDS! WE'RE ALL SET NOW, DAISY!

"MISS LOVELORN" WAS SO RIGHT IN ADVISING US NOT TO WORRY!

AND NOW "MISS LOVELORN" CAN PATCH UP ANOTHER ROMANCE!

SUPERMAN SPEEDS TO ANSWER THE PLAINT OF ANOTHER BROKEN HEART!

I'LL LEAVE THE ANSWER I TYPED IN HER MAILBOX!

Dear Miss Lovelorn:
My sweetheart Harry is such a reckless driver that I fear for him--it's ruining our romance. Should I try to overlook it?
Janet Jarrows

MOMENTS LATER.

MISS LOVELORN ANSWERED, "DEAR JANET: DON'T RIDE WITH HARRY--HE'LL FIND THAT RECKLESSNESS DOESN'T PAY AND WILL SETTLE DOWN!"

SHE'S PROBABLY SOME TIMID OLD MAID!

COME ON, LET'S TAKE A SPIN DOWN THE HILL ROAD!

NO, NOT WHILE YOU DRIVE SO FOOLISHLY!

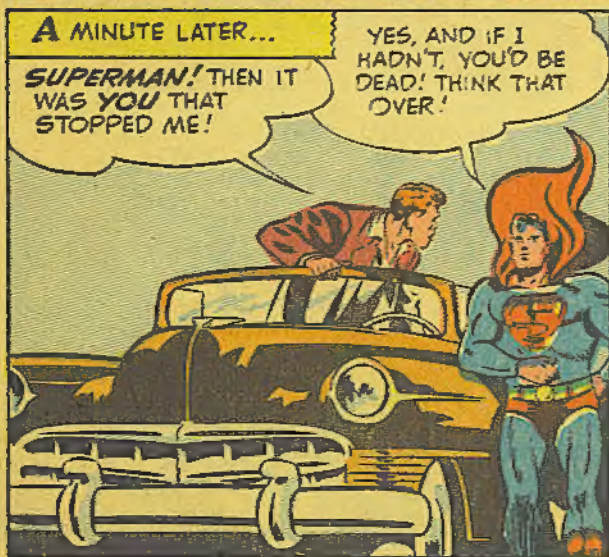
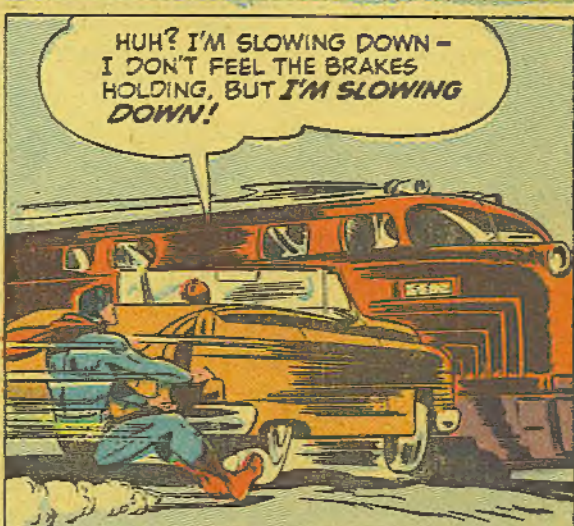
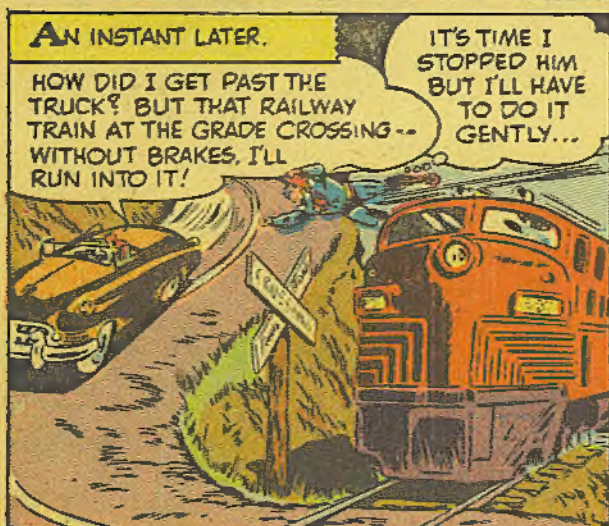
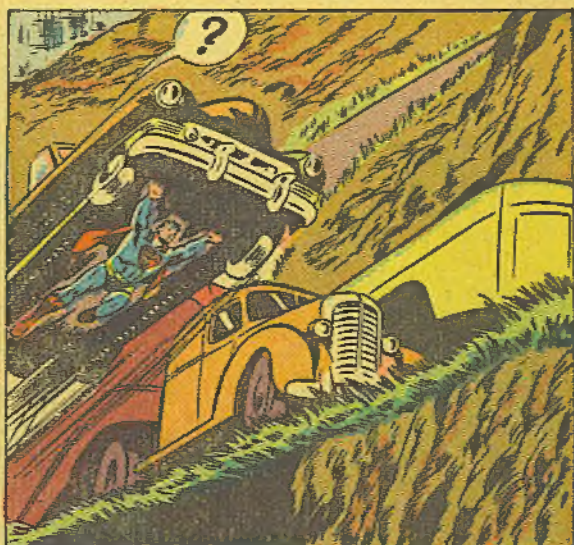
WISE JANET--I CAN SEE BY X-RAY VISION THAT HIS BRAKES ARE READY TO SNAP AT THE FIRST HEAVY STRAIN! I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

I'M MAKING SEVENTY, SO I'D BETTER BRAKE FOR THAT NEXT CURVE--BUT WHAT'S THIS? THE BRAKES DON'T WORK! I CAN'T SLOW DOWN!

HE'S IN NO DANGER WITH ME NEAR, BUT IT'S TIME HE LEARNED A LESSON!

YIPE! I THOUGHT I'D GO OFF THAT CURVE SURE, BUT BY LUCK I DIDN'T!

NOT LUCK, BUT THE STEEP BANK I'M GIVING THAT CURVE, KEEPS YOU ON THE ROAD!



I WROTE THEM SPECIAL TO GO AHEAD AND GET MARRIED ANYWAY--NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM A PLACE TO LIVE!

...and so we can't get married because we can't find an apartment or cottage will you help us, Miss Lovelorn? Even your Susan

MOMENTS LATER, AT AN ABANDONED OLD FACTORY IN A METROPOLIS SUBURB

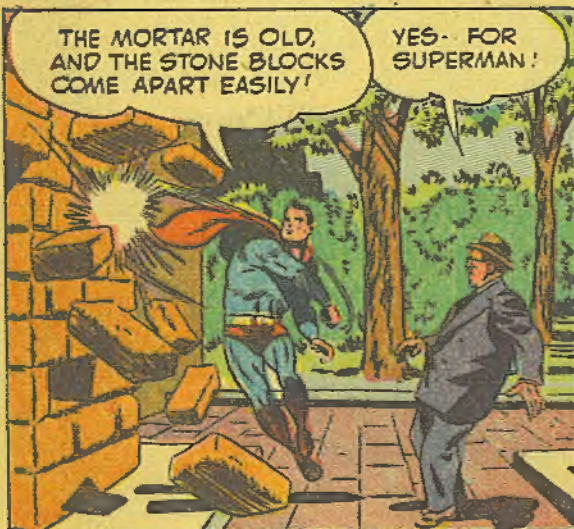
AS OWNER OF THIS PROPERTY, WOULDN'T YOU RATHER GET SOME RETURN FOR IT, AND HELP PEOPLE, TOO?

SURE BUT IT WOULD COST MORE THAN I CAN AFFORD TO HAVE THESE MASSIVE OLD STONE BUILDINGS TORN DOWN!



THE MORTAR IS OLD, AND THE STONE BLOCKS COME APART EASILY!

YES-- FOR SUPERMAN!



THEN, REASSEMBLING THE BLOCKS AT SUPER-SPEED

HERE YOU ARE --THESE COTTAGES CAN FORM A TEMPORARY HOUSING PROJECT' AND I KNOW A YOUNG COUPLE I WANT TO GET ONE OF THEM!

ANYBODY YOU NAME!



TIME IS SPEEDING, AND "MISS LOVELORN" HAS STILL ANOTHER BROKEN ROMANCE TO MEND!

MY SPECIAL DELIVERY ANSWER TOLD HIM, "JUST KEEP ON AT YOUR JOB AND HELEN WILL WAKE UP TO YOUR TRUE WORTH!" NOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD ON THAT!

Dear Miss Lovelorn, I know my girl Helen loves me, but I'm just a trucking superintendant and she finds me unromantic. What can I do? Egbert Norden

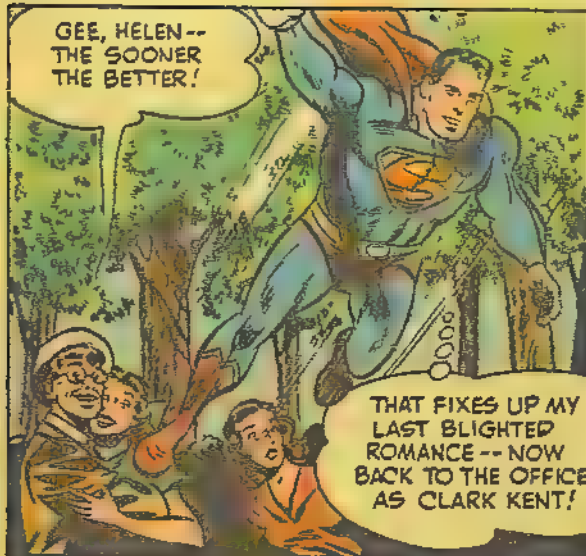
THE MAN OF STEEL FINDS THE UNGLAMOROUS EGBERT SUPERVISING A DIFFICULT MOVING PROJECT!

PULL IT UP SLOWLY ONTO THE ROLLERS!

THAT'S THE OLD DESTROYER THAT'S TO BE MOVED TO THE PARK AS A MEMORIAL --AND EGBERT'S SUPERVISING! HMM

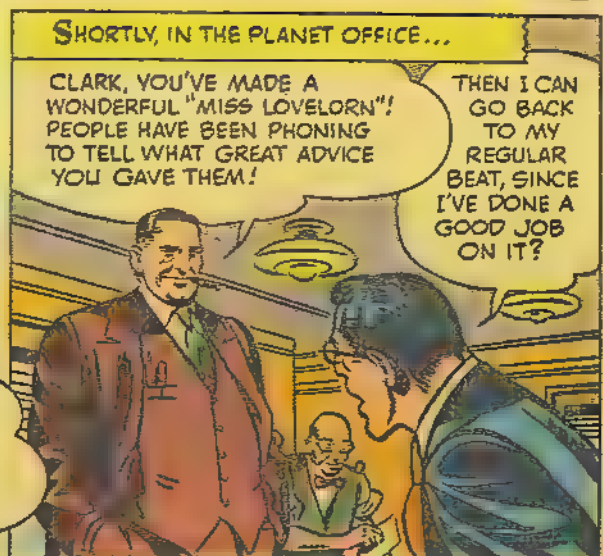






GEE, HELEN--
THE SOONER
THE BETTER!

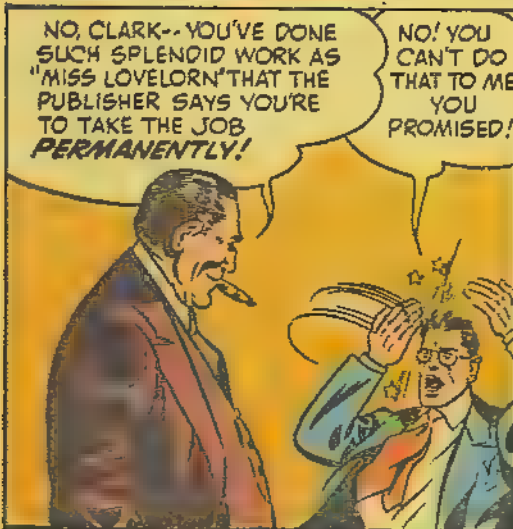
THAT FIXES UP MY
LAST BLIGHTED
ROMANCE-- NOW
BACK TO THE OFFICE
AS CLARK KENT!



SHORTLY, IN THE PLANET OFFICE...

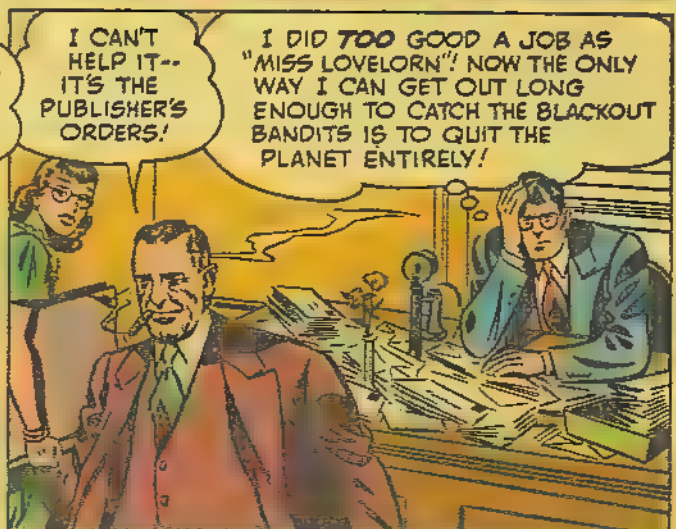
CLARK, YOU'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL "MISS LOVELORN"!
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PHONING
TO TELL WHAT GREAT ADVICE
YOU GAVE THEM!

THEN I CAN
GO BACK
TO MY
REGULAR
BEAT, SINCE
I'VE DONE A
GOOD JOB
ON IT?



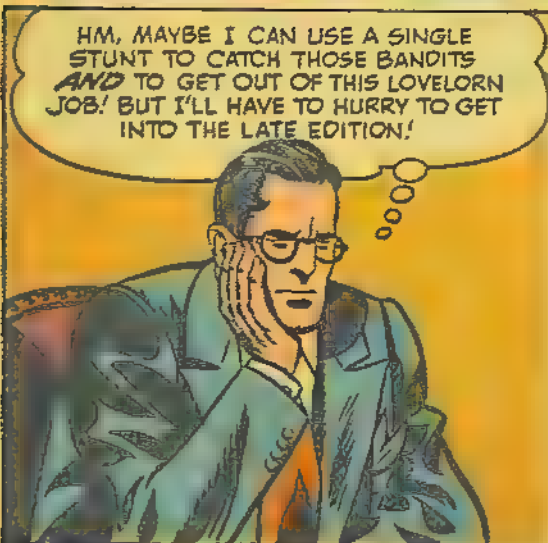
NO, CLARK-- YOU'VE DONE
SUCH SPLENDID WORK AS
"MISS LOVELORN" THAT THE
PUBLISHER SAYS YOU'RE
TO TAKE THE JOB
PERMANENTLY!

NO! YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT TO ME!
YOU
PROMISED!

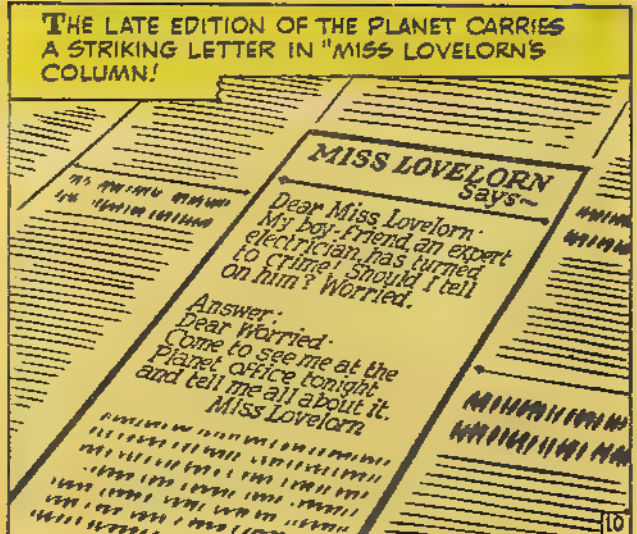


I CAN'T
HELP IT--
IT'S THE
PUBLISHER'S
ORDERS!

I DID **TOO** GOOD A JOB AS
"MISS LOVELORN"! NOW THE ONLY
WAY I CAN GET OUT LONG
ENOUGH TO CATCH THE BLACKOUT
BANDITS IS TO QUIT THE
PLANET ENTIRELY!



HM, MAYBE I CAN USE A SINGLE
STUNT TO CATCH THOSE BANDITS
AND TO GET OUT OF THIS LOVELORN
JOB! BUT I'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO GET
INTO THE LATE EDITION!



THE LATE EDITION OF THE PLANET CARRIES
A STRIKING LETTER IN "MISS LOVELORN'S
COLUMN!

MISS LOVELORN Says--

Dear Miss Lovelorn:
My boy-friend, an expert
electrician, has turned
to crime! Should I tell
on him? Worried.

Answer:
Dear Worried:
Come to see me at the
Planet office tonight
and tell me all about it.
Miss Lovelorn

THE BLACKOUT BANDITS USE AN EXPERT ELECTRICIAN, WE KNOW -- THIS OUGHT TO SCARE THEM INTO DOING WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO!

CLARK'S CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT! AT THAT MOMENT, "CHECKS" ROSS AND HIS BLACKOUT BANDITS ARE HIGHLY PERTURBED!

I SWEAR NONE OF MY GIRL-FRIENDS WOULD SQUEAL ON ME, "CHECKS"!

WE'RE NOT TAKING CHANCES! WE'LL BE THERE TO GRAB YOUR DAME WHEN SHE COMES TO SPILL TO "MISS LOVELORN"!

AS CLARK WAITS ALONE IN THE OFFICE FOR THE BANDITS TO ENTER HIS TRAP, SOMEONE ELSE ENTERS!

YOU STILL HERE, "MISS LOVELORN"? I CAME BACK TO FINISH A FEATURE FOR TV MORROW!

I'VE GOT TO GET LOIS OUT OF HERE, OR I CAN'T SWITCH TO SUPERMAN BEFORE THE BANDITS COME!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT! A MOMENT LATER...

THAT MUST BE MISS LOVELORN -- SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN HERE! GRAB HER, AND KEEP THE GUY COVERED!

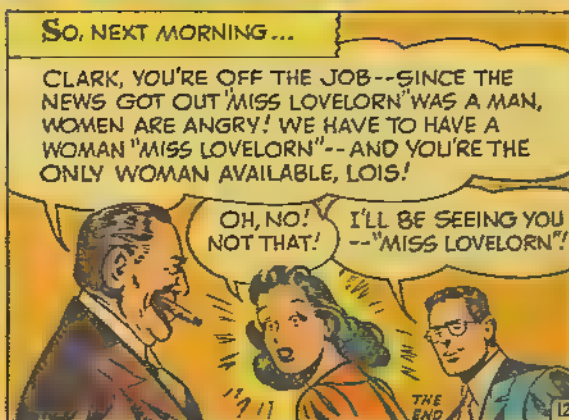
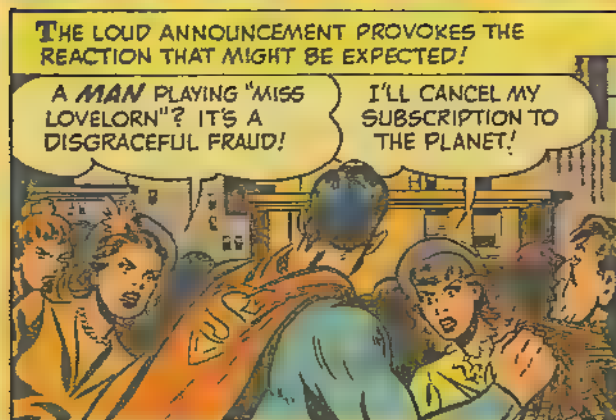
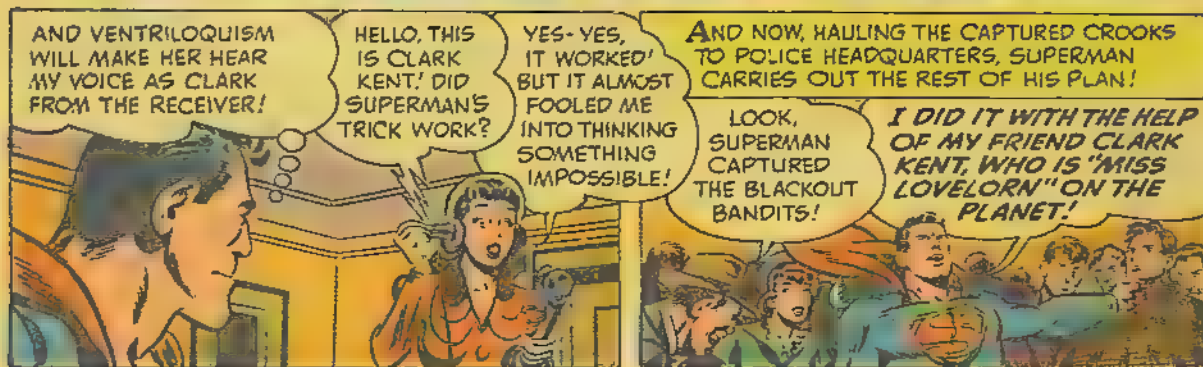
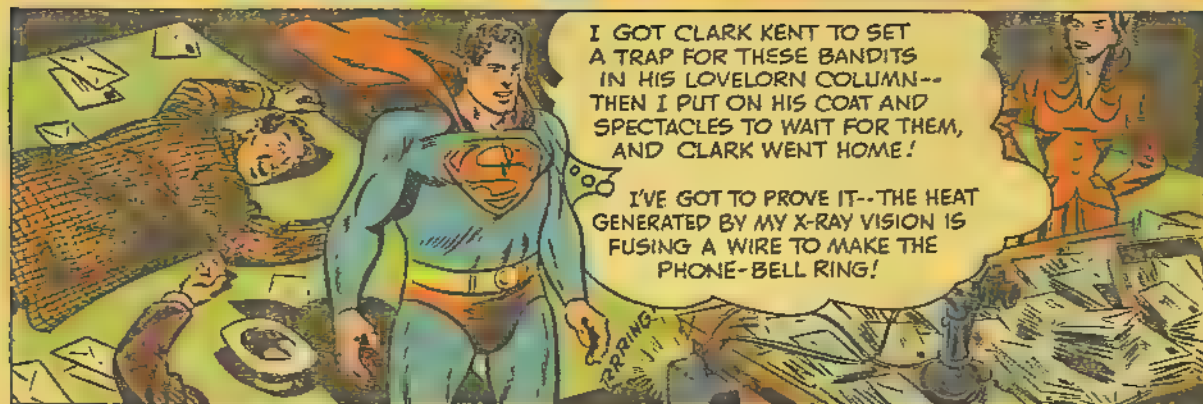
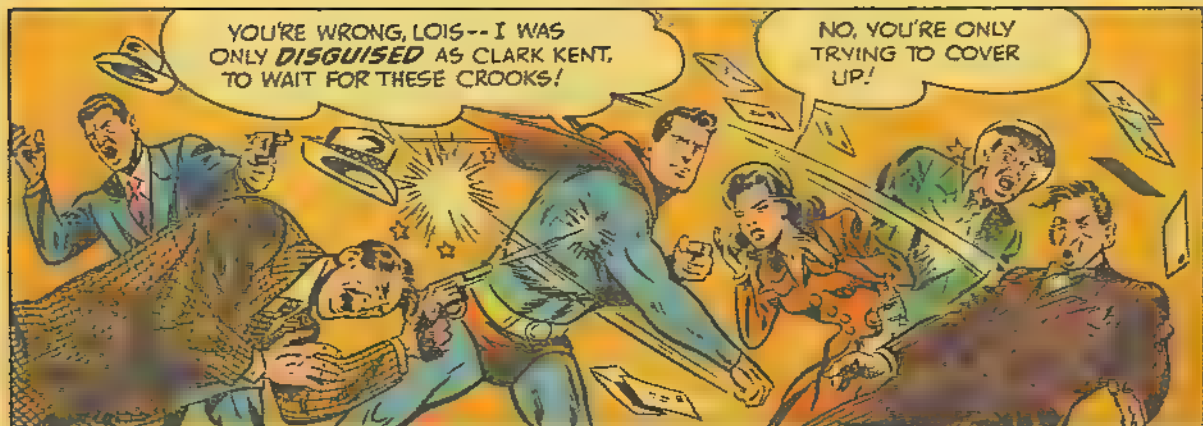
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM HARMING LOIS! BUT HOW CAN I, WITHOUT EXPOSING MY IDENTITY?

MAKING INSTANT DECISION...

WE'RE DONE FOR-- IT'S SUPERMAN!

CLARK KENT--HE'S SUPERMAN-- HE WAS SUPERMAN ALL THE TIME!

HAS SUPERMAN, AT LAST, CONFESSED HIS IDENTITY?



TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

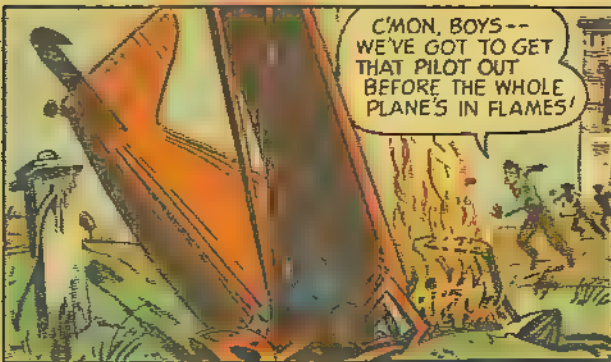
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY--

JIM-- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!

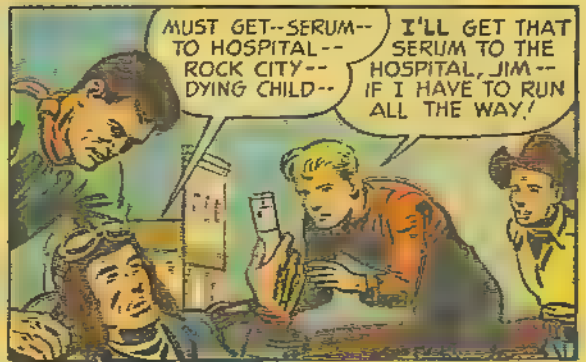


C'MON, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!

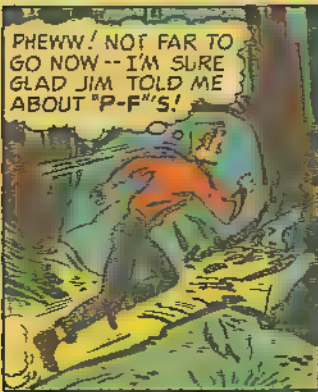


MUST GET--SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHWW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"'S!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F":

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED, MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

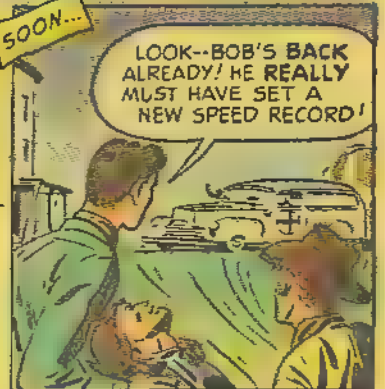


*TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

SOON...

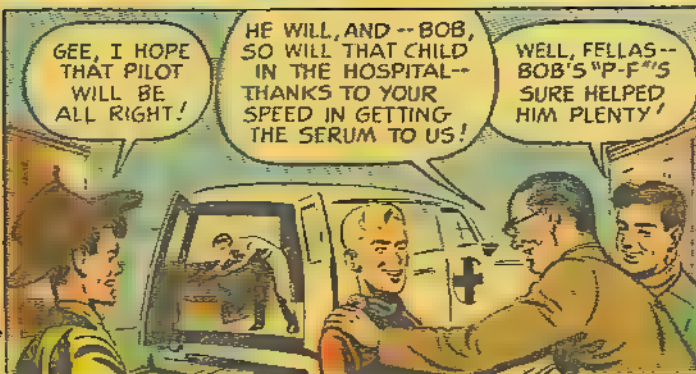
LOOK--BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND -- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F"'S TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY

B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.





Message to Parents



WHAT TO DO IF POLIO COMES YOUR WAY

- Keep children with their own friends. Keep them away from people they have not been with right along, especially in close, daily living. Many people have polio infection without showing signs of sickness. Without knowing it, they can pass the infection on to others.
- Try not to get over-tired by work, hard play or travel. If you already have the polio infection in your body, being very tired may bring on serious polio.
- Keep from getting chilled. Don't bathe or swim too long in cold water. Take off wet clothes at once. Chilling can lessen your body's protection against polio.
- Keep clean. Wash hands carefully before eating and always after using the toilet. Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth. Also keep food clean and covered.

WATCH FOR EARLY SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Polio starts in different ways—with headache, sore throat, upset stomach or fever. Persons coming down with polio may also feel nervous, cross or dizzy. They may have trouble in swallowing or breathing. Often there is a stiff neck and back.

ACT QUICKLY—CALL YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE

Until he comes, keep the patient quiet and in bed, away from others.

Prepared In Cooperation with The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis

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Tommy TOMORROW

IT IS THE YEAR 5990, AND AN INFAMOUS DESPERADO MEN-ACES THE SOLAR SYSTEM. TO BATTLE HIM, A SCIENTIST REACHES INTO THE PAST BY MEANS OF AN AMAZING TIME-RAY...AND RECRUITS THE FIVE GREATEST HEROES OF ALL TIME! ONE OF THESE CHAM-PIONS OF LAW AND ORDER IS TOMMY TOMORROW, OF THE PLANETEERS. THE OTHERS? WE WON'T TELL YOU THEIR NAMES NOW, BUT SEE IF YOU AGREE WITH THE SCIENTIST'S CHOICES WHEN HE PLUCKS...

"HEROES OUT OF THE PAST!"



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PLANETEERS, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW GETS AN UNEXPECTED REWARD FOR A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT!

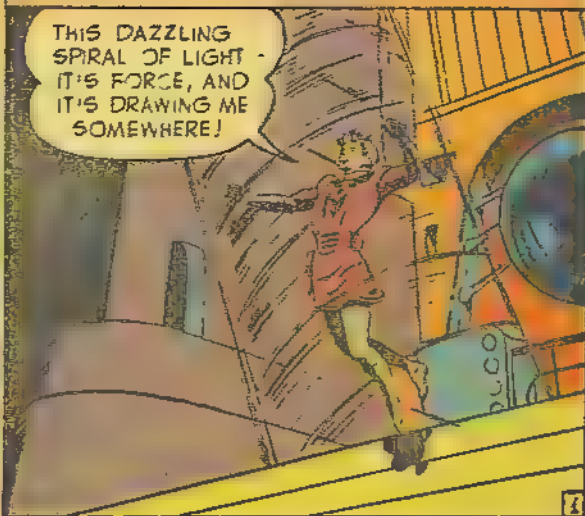
COLONEL TOMORROW, FOR CAPTURING THE PLUTO PIRATES, WE'RE GIVING YOU A MONTH'S LEAVE!

THANK YOU, SIR! AT LAST I CAN HAVE A RESTFUL VACATION!



BUT AS HE HAPPILY STARTS ON HIS VACATION, A STRANGE PHENOMENON ENGULFS HIM!

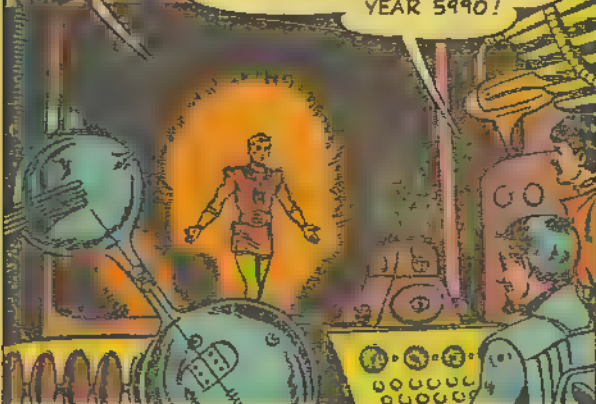
THIS DAZZLING SPIRAL OF LIGHT - IT'S FORCE, AND IT'S DRAWING ME SOMEWHERE!



FOR ELECTRIFYING SECONDS, HE EXPERIENCES A SENSATION OF FALLING THROUGH DARKNESS, AND THEN...

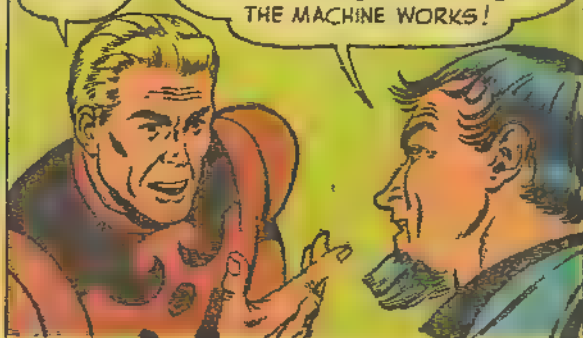
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I?

I AM JIRIM, A SCIENTIST, AND THIS IS MY DAUGHTER LURA! YOU'RE IN OUR SECRET LABORATORY IN THE MOUNTAINS! AND THIS IS NOT YOUR YEAR 1990 -- THIS IS THE YEAR 5990!



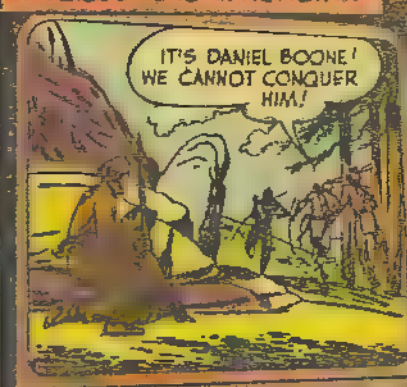
BUT HOW DID I GET INTO THIS FAR FUTURE AGE?

MY TIME-RAY DREW YOU ACROSS TIME! I SPENT A LIFETIME BUILDING THIS MACHINE, SO I COULD DRAW MEN OUT OF THE PAST AND LEARN THE HISTORY OF EARTH! WATCH! I WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW THE MACHINE WORKS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE TIME-RAY FOCUSES UPON ANOTHER COURAGEOUS WARRIOR OF THE PAST...

JIRIM SETS THE DIALS OF THE AMAZING TIME-RAY MACHINE TO THE YEAR 1780 -- AND BOTH MEN OBSERVE A FAMOUS HERO IN ACTION...

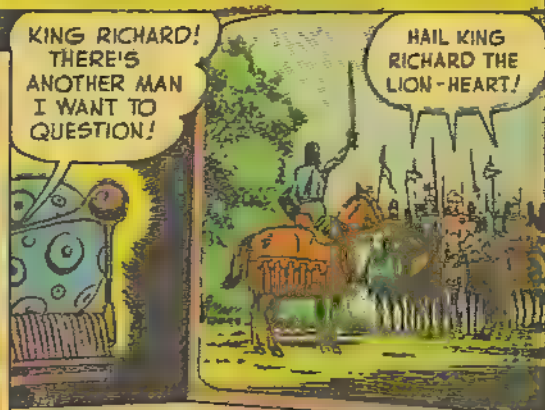


IT'S DANIEL BOONE!
WE CANNOT CONQUER HIM!

THIS DANIEL BOONE SEEMS A BRAVE MAN -- I'LL SET THE TIME-RAY TO DRAW HIM TO US!

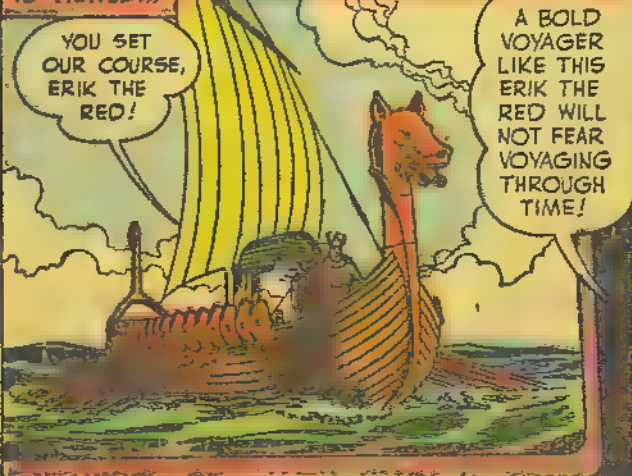
KING RICHARD! THERE'S ANOTHER MAN I WANT TO QUESTION!

HAIL KING RICHARD THE LION-HEART!



FINALLY, A FOURTH HERO OF YESTER-YEAR IS LOOKED IN UPON BY THE GIFTED JIRIM...

SECONDS LATER, ANOTHER CHAMPION OF LONG AGO IS VIEWED...



YOU SET OUR COURSE, ERIK THE RED!

A BOLD VOYAGER LIKE THIS ERIK THE RED WILL NOT FEAR VOYAGING THROUGH TIME!

ANOTHER BRAVE MAN! HORATIUS CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT ANCIENT ROME!

HORATIUS HELD THE BRIDGE FOR US!



PRESENTLY, THE TIME-RAY'S AWESOME FORCE REACHES ACROSS THE AGES, AND FOUR OF THE PAST'S GREATEST HEROES FIND THEMSELVES WITH TOMMY TOMORROW IN THIS FAR FUTURE!



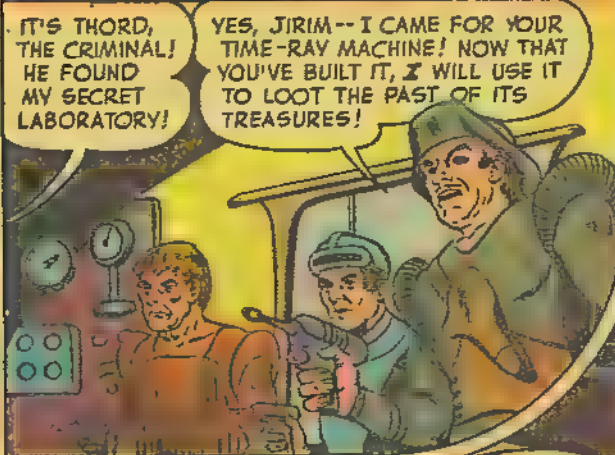
WHAT IN TARNATION HAPPENED TO ME?

IS IT WITCH-CRAFT?

A VIKING DOESN'T FEAR EVEN WITCHCRAFT!

OR A ROMAN!

BUT SUDDENLY, A SINISTER INTERRUPTION!



IT'S THORD, THE CRIMINAL! HE FOUND MY SECRET LABORATORY!

YES, JIRIM-- I CAME FOR YOUR TIME-RAY MACHINE! NOW THAT YOU'VE BUILT IT, I WILL USE IT TO LOOT THE PAST OF ITS TREASURES!



THIS IS EASIER THAN FIGHTIN' INDIANS!

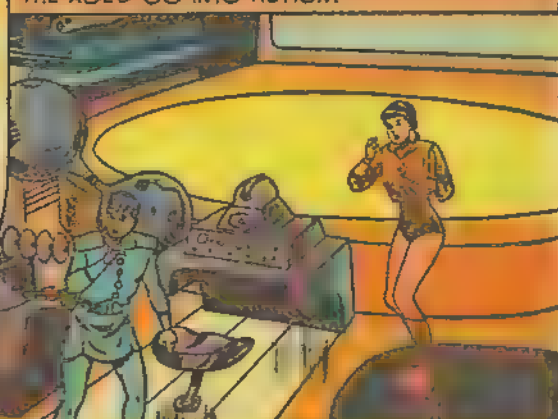
I'LL HEW THIS VARLET DOWN!

WAIT. JIRIM WILL EXPLAIN TO YOU!

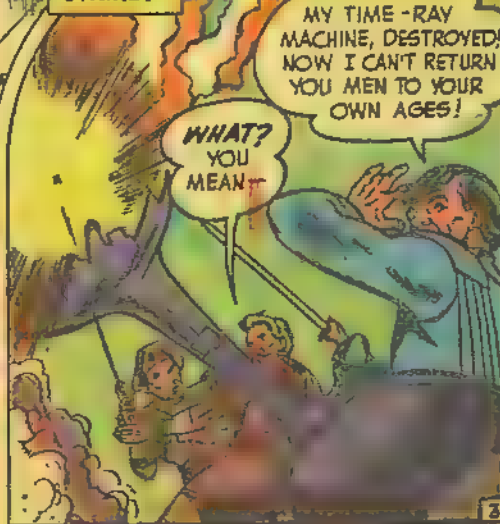
I PLUCKED YOU FIVE GREAT HEROES OUT OF THE PAST, TO TELL ME OF YOUR DIFFERENT ERAS! THEN I WILL RETURN YOU TO YOUR OWN TIMES!



BUT THE FIVE GREATEST FIGHTING-MEN OF THE AGES GO INTO ACTION!



AS TOMMY TOMORROW SWERVES, A RAY-GUN FLARES--AND THE DESTROYING BOLT OF FORCE MAKES A TRAGIC STRIKE!



MY TIME-RAY MACHINE, DESTROYED! NOW I CAN'T RETURN YOU MEN TO YOUR OWN AGES!

WHAT? YOU MEAN--

AS THE FIVE HEROES ARE PETRIFIED BY THE DISASTER, THE BATTERED CRIMINALS ESCAPE

YOU MEAN I CAN'T GET BACK TO KENTUCKY?

SURELY YOU CAN BUILD ANOTHER MACHINE, JIRIM!

I COULD BUILD ONE EASILY IF I HAD THE MATERIALS-- BUT THE RARE MATERIALS NEEDED TOOK ME MANY YEARS AND UNTOLD DANGER TO COLLECT!

TELL US WHAT YOU NEED AND WE'LL COLLECT THE MATERIALS FOR YOU!

AYE, WE FIVE AREN'T AFRAID OF DANGERS!

I FEAR EVEN YOU CAN'T SUCCEED! BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A LIST, AND LEND YOU MY OWN LITTLE SPACE-CRUISER!

SOON, THE FIVE HEROES TAKE OFF ON AN ODYSSEY OF PERIL IN WHICH FAILURE MEANS BEING MAROONED IN THE FUTURE!

I OVERHEARD THEM BY SPYING-- THEY'RE GOING TO BRING BACK MATERIALS TO BUILD ANOTHER MACHINE THORD!

IF THEY DO, IT'LL BE FOR MY BENEFIT! I HAVE A PLAN--

FIRST STOP ON THE QUEST FOR THE RARE SUBSTANCES IS THE MOLTEN LAVA FIRE SEA OF JUPITER!

ACCORDING TO JIRIM'S NOTES, THE FIRST RARE METAL WE'RE AFTER IS FOUND ONLY ON THAT STEEP ISLAND IN THE MOLTEN SEA!

WE CAN'T LAND ON THAT PEAK--WE'LL HAVE TO LAND ON THAT SHORE AND GET OUT TO THE ISLAND SOME WAY!

AFTER LANDING ON THE SHORE, THAT BOLD VIKING VOYAGER, ERIK THE RED, TAKES OVER!

A BOAT OF LIGHT **STONE** WILL FLOAT ON THE FIERY LAVA WITHOUT BURNING UP!

IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAVE MY RAY-GUN TO CARVE IT OUT WITH, INSTEAD OF JUST OUR HANDS!

THEN, LAUNCHING ON THE MOLTEN WAVES...

WE ARE NEARING THE ISLAND PEAK!

THESE STONE OARS ARE TARNATION HEAVY!

NOT TO ME!

THIS IS THE RARE METAL JIRIM NEEDS!

WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

SOON...

OUR NEXT STOP IS AN ASTEROID THAT HAS CONDENSER-CRYSTALS, SUCH AS JIRIM MUST HAVE! HE SAID THE NATIVES OF THAT WORLD POSSESS THE ONLY SUCH CRYSTALS KNOWN!

BUT ABRUPTLY, THERE IS A SCREAM OF ALARM AS IN THE DISTANCE A THING OF TERROR SWOOPS FROM THE SKY!

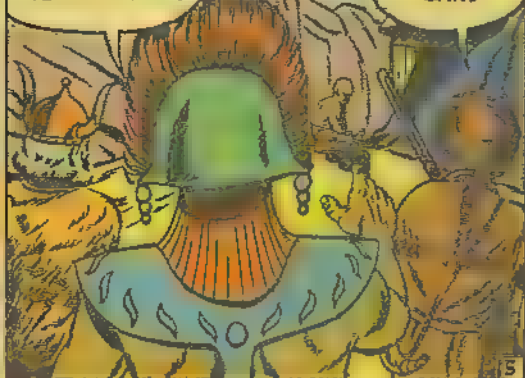
ON THE ASTEROID, HOWEVER, THEY FIND THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES A STUMBLING BLOCK!

GIVE YOU ONE OF OUR CRYSTALS? NO, THEY ARE SACRED!

WE COULD TAKE ONE BY FORCE, BUT IT WOULD MEAN BLOODSHED -- AND WE CAN'T DO THAT!

A GIANT MOON-HAWK! IT WILL SNATCH THE CHILD AWAY, AND OUR SPEARS CAN- NOT REACH IT!

MAYBE MY RIFLE CAN!



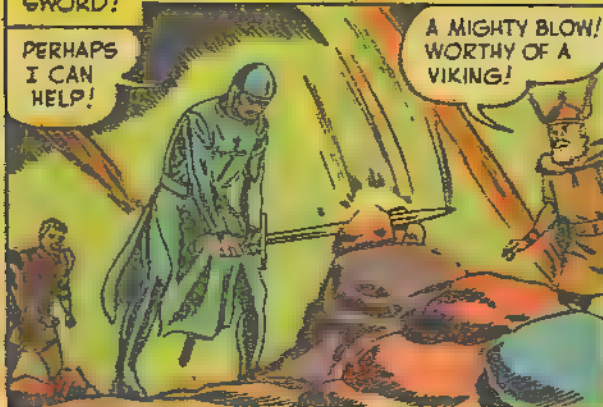
DAN BOONE TRIGGERS HIS TRUSTY RIFLE, AND



THE
MOON HAWK
IS SLAIN! MY
CHILD IS
SAVED!

WE ARE
GRATEFUL!
YOU MAY
HAVE ONE
OF THE
SACRED
CRYSTALS!

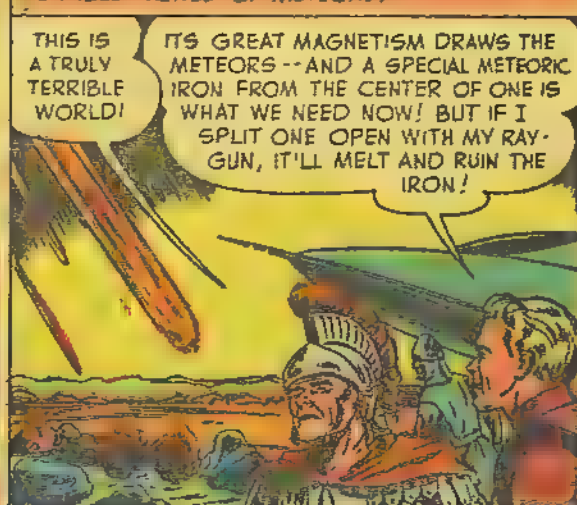
BUT MIGHTY RICHARD THE LION-HEART PROVIDES
THE ANSWER WITH ONE SWING OF HIS GLEAMING
SWORD!



PERHAPS
I CAN
HELP!

A MIGHTY BLOW!
WORTHY OF A
VIKING!

THE SPACE-CRUISER SPEEDS ON, TO THE
TERRIBLE WORLD OF METEORS!



THIS IS
A TRULY
TERRIBLE
WORLD!

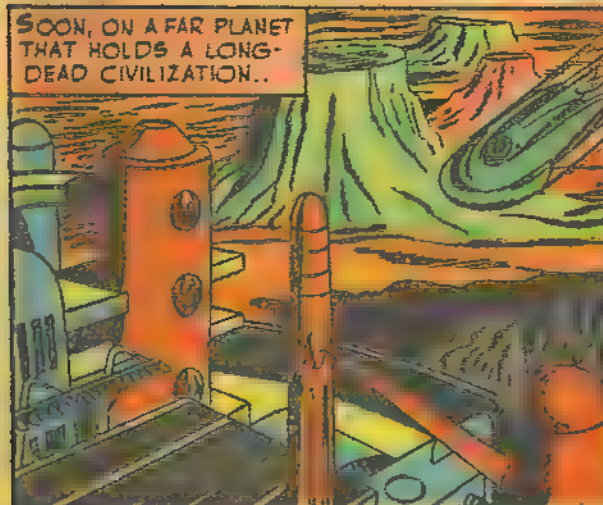
ITS GREAT MAGNETISM DRAWS THE
METEORS -- AND A SPECIAL METEORIC
IRON FROM THE CENTER OF ONE IS
WHAT WE NEED NOW! BUT IF I
SPLIT ONE OPEN WITH MY RAY-
GUN, IT'LL MELT AND RUIN THE
IRON!

WE NOW HAVE EVERYTHING
JIRIM NEEDS BUT THE
SUPER-RESISTANT WIRE,
AND THE RADIO-ACTIVE
ELEMENT COMETANIUM!

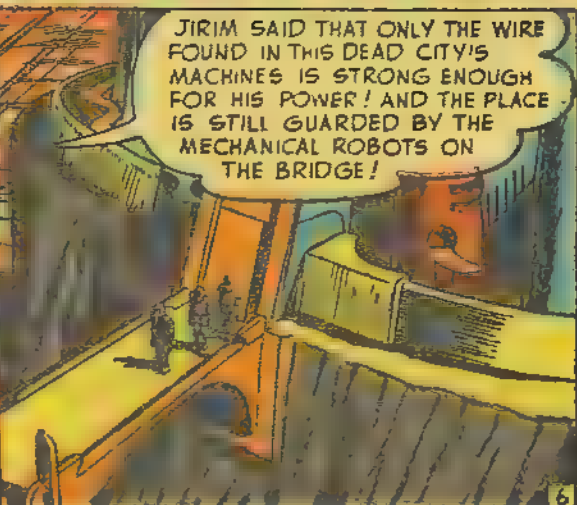
THE SOONER WE
GET AWAY FROM
THESE PESKY
METEORS, THE
BETTER!



SOON, ON A FAR PLANET
THAT HOLDS A LONG-
DEAD CIVILIZATION...



JIRIM SAID THAT ONLY THE WIRE
FOUND IN THIS DEAD CITY'S
MACHINES IS STRONG ENOUGH
FOR HIS POWER! AND THE PLACE
IS STILL GUARDED BY THE
MECHANICAL ROBOTS ON
THE BRIDGE!



MINUTES LATER, HORATIUS CONTRIBUTES HIS BIT...

I'LL HOLD THE BRIDGE AGAIN-- WITH THIS BAR INSTEAD OF A SWORD, WHILE YOU GET THE WIRE!



THEN, WITH THE WIRE SECURED, THE FIVE SPEED ON TO THE FINAL AND MOST TERRIBLE DANGER OF THEIR EPOCHAL QUEST!

THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT **COMETANIUM** IS FOUND ONLY ON THE SOLID NUCLEUS--WORLD OF A COMET! HOLD TIGHT-- I'M GOING TO TRY TO LAND THERE!

IT'S A FEARFUL SIGHT!



TOMMY TOMORROW USES HIS SUPREME SPACEMANSHIP TO GUIDE HIS SHIP THROUGH THE TERRORS OF THE COMET'S DEADLY TAIL...

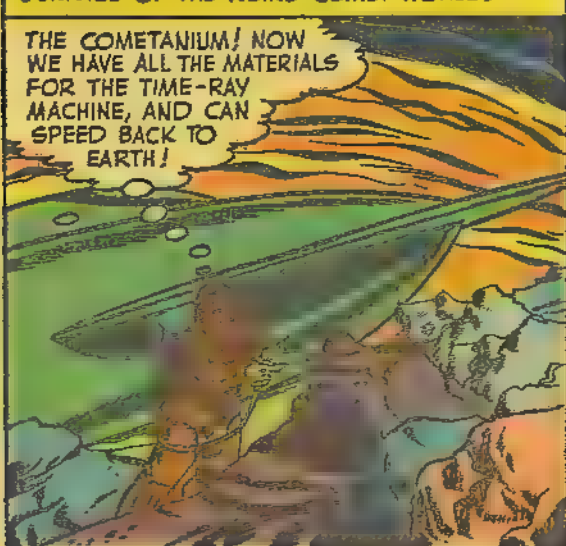
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!

EVEN A VIKING LIKE MYSELF NEVER SAW SUCH VOYAGING!



FINALLY, THEY GAIN A FOOTHOLD ON THE SURFACE OF THE WEIRD COMET WORLD!

THE COMETANIUM! NOW WE HAVE ALL THE MATERIALS FOR THE TIME-RAY MACHINE, AND CAN SPEED BACK TO EARTH!

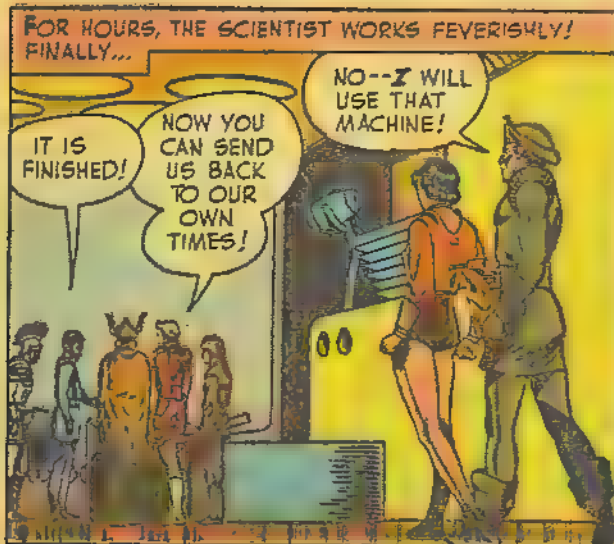


BACK AT JIRIM'S LABORATORY...

WE'VE COLLECTED ALL THE MATERIALS, JIRIM!

THEN I'LL BUILD ANOTHER TIME-RAY MACHINE AT ONCE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR OWN ERAS!





FOR HOURS, THE SCIENTIST WORKS FEVERISHLY!
FINALLY...

IT IS
FINISHED!

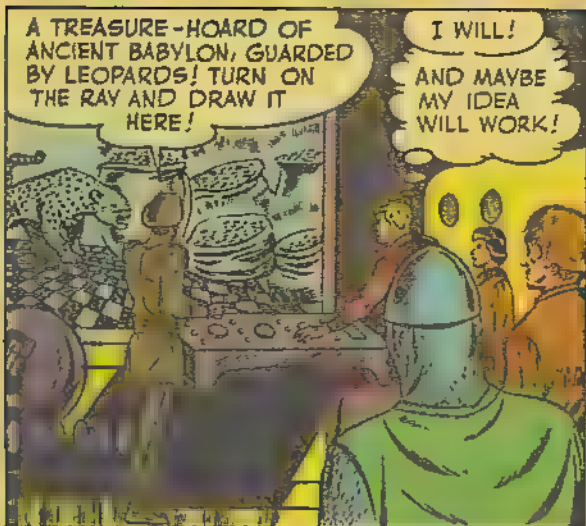
NOW YOU
CAN SEND
US BACK
TO OUR
OWN
TIMES!

NO--I WILL
USE THAT
MACHINE!



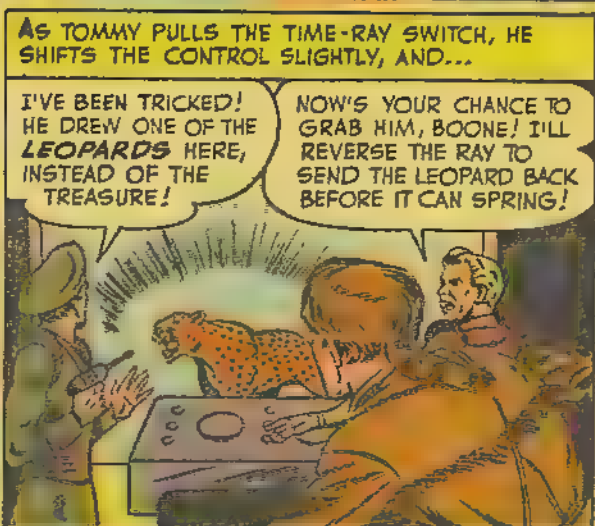
I DARED NOT WARN
YOU THORP CAME BACK
WHILE YOU WERE
GONE, AND HELD
MY DAUGHTER
HOSTAGE!

AND I'LL SLAY HER IF
YOU FIVE INTERFERE!
I'LL NOW SEE IF THAT
MACHINE CAN LOOT THE
PAST OF ITS
TREASURES FOR
ME!



A TREASURE-HOARD OF
ANCIENT BABYLON, GUARDED
BY LEOPARDS! TURN ON
THE RAY AND DRAW IT
HERE!

I WILL!
AND MAYBE
MY IDEA
WILL WORK!



AS TOMMY PULLS THE TIME-RAY SWITCH, HE
SHIFTS THE CONTROL SLIGHTLY, AND...

I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
HE DREW ONE OF THE
LEOPARDS HERE,
INSTEAD OF THE
TREASURE!

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO
GRAB HIM, BOONE! I'LL
REVERSE THE RAY TO
SEND THE LEOPARD BACK
BEFORE IT CAN SPRING!



LATER...

OUR POLICE
WILL TAKE CARE
OF THIS CRIMINAL!
I THANK YOU FOR
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD
ME OF HISTORY--
AND NOW I'LL SEND
YOU BACK!

GOODBYE,
ALL OF
YOU! YOU
WERE
SWELL
PALS!

FAREWELL,
FRIEND!



AFTER THE TIME-RAY HURLS HIM BACK...

AH, BACK FROM
YOUR MONTH'S
VACATION,
COLONEL
TOMORROW!
HOW DID YOU
ENJOY
YOURSELF?

JIRIM MADE A
MISTAKE--HE
SENT ME BACK TO
A DATE A MONTH
LATER, AND MY
VACATION IS
OVER!

The End



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT 2 MONTHS FOR THESE GREAT MAGAZINES!

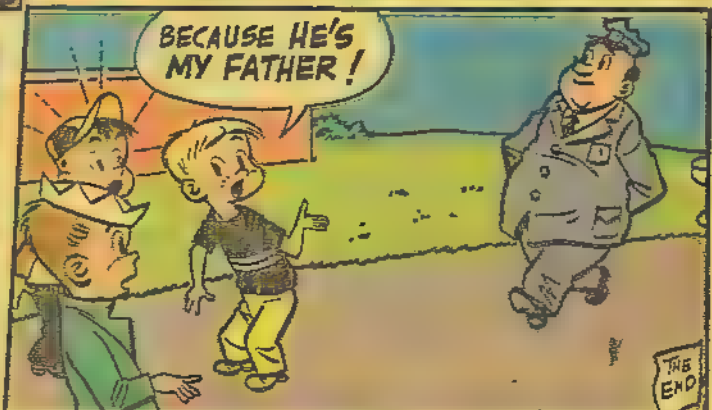
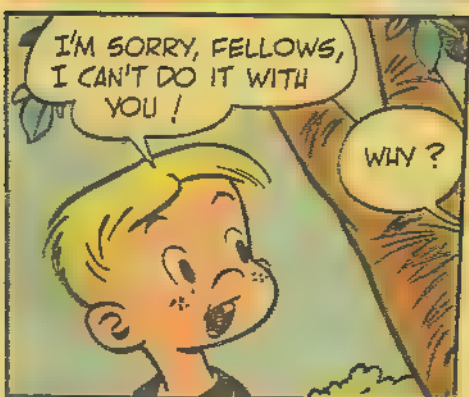
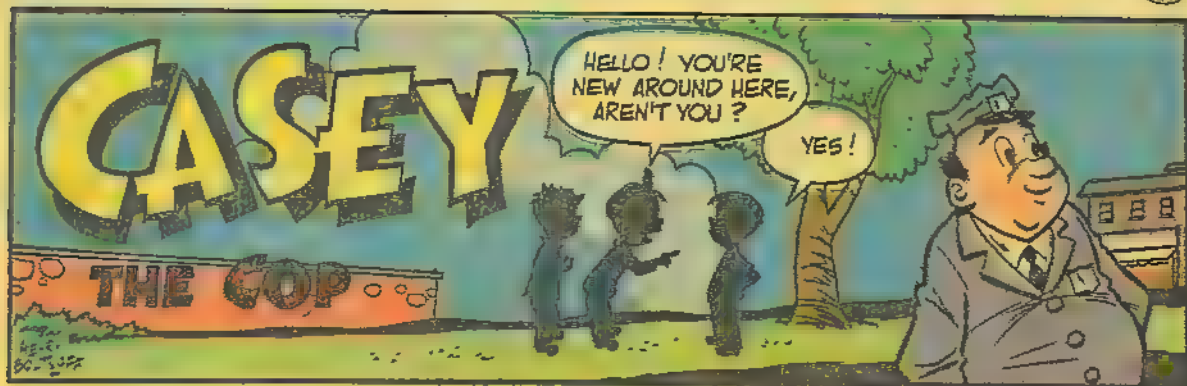
YOU KNOW, MOST COMICS MAGAZINES
ARE PUBLISHED ONLY EVERY OTHER MONTH,
BUT THESE BEST-SELLERS COME OUT
EVERY MONTH — BECAUSE YOU WANT
TO READ THEM TWELVE TIMES A
YEAR INSTEAD
OF SIX!



But
THE BIG THING
TO REMEMBER IS TO



GET YOUR COPIES EARLY!
(THAT WAY, YOU WON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!)



ADVERTISEMENT



HALF THE HAZARDS OF THE FABULOUS THOUSAND AND ONE ARABIAN NIGHTS BOIL DOWN TO ONE SWIFT-PACED ADVENTURE FOR TROUBLE-SHOOTER CONGO BILL, AS, IN AN ANCIENT CITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST, HE TRAILS PRICELESS STOLEN RUBIES THROUGH AN OMINOUS...

"DOORWAY DANGER!" TO DREAMS!"

CONGO BILL



EJS.

AS CONGO BILL, ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR THE WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY, STROLLS THROUGH A BAZAAR IN A CITY ON THE PERSIAN GULF...

SORT OF CARELESS WITH THOSE RED SHIEK RUBIES MY FIRM INSURED FOR \$500,000, AREN'T YOU, MISS SLOANE?

CONGO BILL--THANK GOODNESS! PLEASE DON'T TELL DAD-- BUT I TOOK THEM TO A JEWELER TO HAVE A CLASP FIXED, AND HE SAYS THEY'RE PASTE!

HE'S RIGHT! BUT THEY WEREN'T PASTE WHEN OUR EXPERTS EXAMINED THEM YESTERDAY!

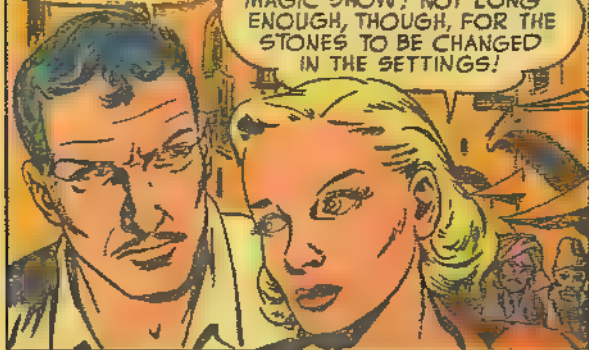
WHO COULD HAVE SWITCHED THEM--AND HOW? ABAR SINGH, WHO ACTED AS DAD'S AGENT IN BUYING THEM--AND GAVE ME A BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY LAST NIGHT--IS ABOVE SUSPICION!



INTENT ON THE MYSTERY, BILL FAILS TO SEE A VILLIANOUS-LOOKING PAIR FOLLOWING THEM...

THINK, MISS SLOANE, DID ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPEN AT THE PARTY?

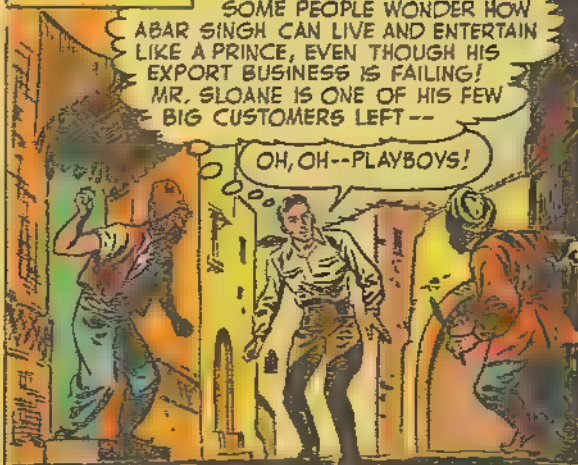
WHY, YES, IN A WAY, I FAINTED, JUST FOR A SECOND, WHEN AN IMITATION SNAKE APPEARED DURING A MAGIC SHOW! NOT LONG ENOUGH, THOUGH, FOR THE STONES TO BE CHANGED IN THE SETTINGS!



THE SHADOWS WAIT TILL CONGO BILL WALKS ALONE, THEN...

SOME PEOPLE WONDER HOW ABAR SINGH CAN LIVE AND ENTERTAIN LIKE A PRINCE, EVEN THOUGH HIS EXPORT BUSINESS IS FAILING! MR. SLOANE IS ONE OF HIS FEW BIG CUSTOMERS LEFT --

OH, OH--PLAYBOYS!



IF YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, I'M JUST THE LAD FOR YOU!.. HUH?

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, 'TIS A DIRTY TRICK, TOSSING A SHIV AT A GENT'S BACK!



LET THEM GO! I'LL REMEMBER THEM!.. THANKS, EFFENDI! YOU WERE REAL NEIGHBORLY, JUST LIKE THE FOLKS BACK IN KEOKUK!

DID YOU SAY KEOKUK? KEOKUK, IOWA? GOOD GRAVY AND JUMPING JEHOASAPHAT, FRIEND-- COME INSIDE THIS VERY MINUTE!



SO CONGO BILL DISCOVERS A NEW KIND OF WONDER OF THE ASTONISHING EAST...

GUESS WHAT, MAIZIE--HE'S BEEN IN KEOKUK!...HER NAME WAS MAIZIE BURKE BACK THERE, BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, AND I WAS HARRY BECKER! NOW OUR MONICKERS ARE MARISIMBA AND ARI BAKAR!

THIS IS A PLEASURE! JUST CALL ME BILL!



WE'RE IN THE SHOW AND CARNIVAL GAME! BROUGHT AN AMERICAN-STYLE TENT SHOW OVER HERE, BUT IT FOLDED! THEN WE FIGURED ON TAKING AN ARABIAN NIGHTS SHOW BACK TO THE STATES--

ONLY WE WENT BROKE AFTER GETTING A TROUPE OF DANCING GIRLS AND A MAGICIAN UNDER CONTRACT! WE'D HAVE GONE HUNGRY EXCEPT FOR ABAR SINGH!





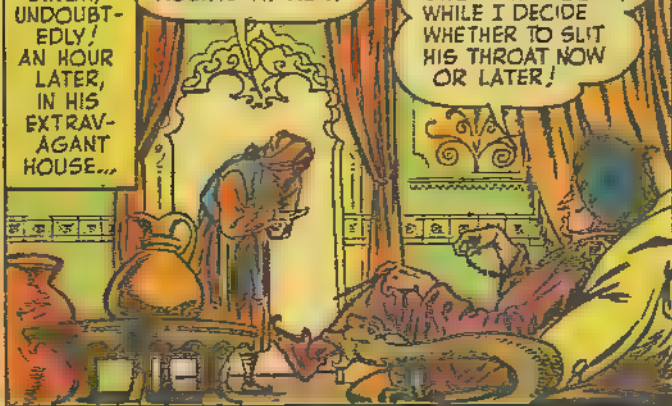
ABAR SINGH, EH?
A WEIRD CHAP,
FROM WHAT I
HEAR!

YOU CAN SAY THAT
AGAIN! BUT HE PAYS
US FOR GIVING
OUR SHOW AT HIS
PRIVATE PARTIES,
LIKE THE ONE LAST
NIGHT!

WEIRD
IS THE
WORD
FOR ABAR
SINGH,
UNDOUBT-
EDLY!
AN HOUR
LATER,
IN HIS EX-
TRA-
VAGANT
HOUSE...

THE TROUBLESOME
CONGO BILL KNOCKS,
GREAT ONE--HAVING
SURVIVED YOUR
AGENTS' ATTACK!

BAH! I HAD NOT
COUNTED ON THE
REAL RUBIES BEING
MISSED SO SOON!
SHOW THE DOG IN,
WHILE I DECIDE
WHETHER TO SLIT
HIS THROAT NOW
OR LATER!



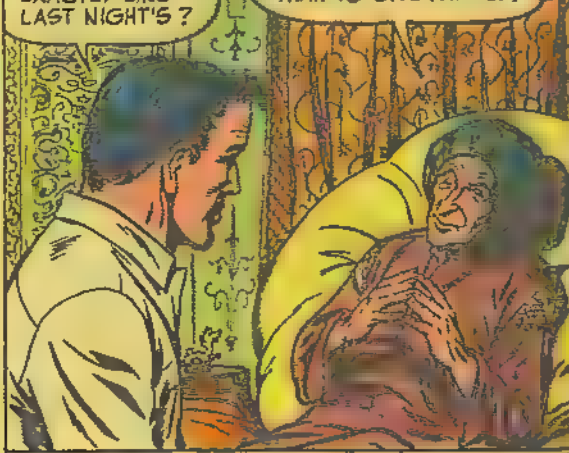
YOU CAN'T DENY,
ABAR SINGH, THAT
THE RUBIES *COULD*
HAVE BEEN
SNITCHED
RIGHT HERE!

I WEEP THAT MY HONEST
SERVANTS OR MY HUMBLE
SELF SHOULD BE SUS-
PECTED! I WOULD DO
ANYTHING TO PROVE
OUR INNOCENCE!



THEN HOW ABOUT A
PARTY TONIGHT,
EXACTLY LIKE
LAST NIGHT'S?

A DELIGHTFUL SUGGESTION!
NOTHING PLEASES ME MORE
THAN TO GIVE PARTIES!

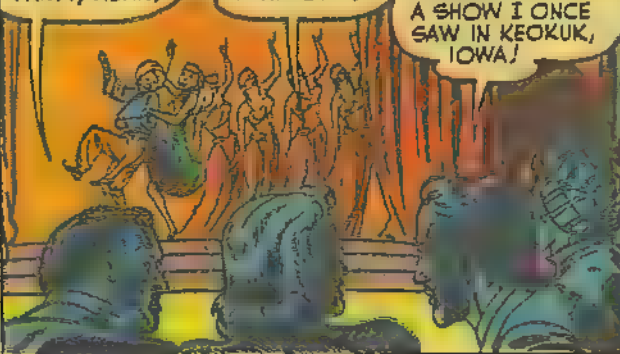


AND SO, THAT NIGHT, IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF GA ETY THAT
FAILS TO CONCEAL AN UNDERCURRENT OF TENSION...

I STILL CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU'RE
REPEATING THE
PARTY, ABAR!

AREN'T THEY A SCREAM?
A TYPICALLY AMERICAN
VAUDEVILLE ROUTINE,
YET THEY DO IT
PERFECTLY!

REMINDS ME OF
A SHOW I ONCE
SAW IN KEOKUK,
IOWA!



THUNDER AND LIGHTNING PROVIDE A DRAMATIC
INTRODUCTION FOR MIR BELA, THE MAGICIAN...

LOOK WELL, CONGO
BILL! HERE IS A TRUE
MASTER OF ILLUSION,
A GENIUS IN THE
BLACK ARTS!

IN OTHER
WORDS,
A
TRICKY
CUSTOMER,
EH?



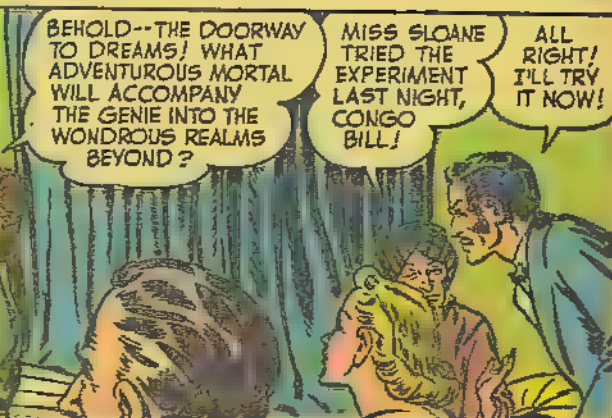
A WAVE OF A SERPENTINE WAND, AND A "GENIE" SEEMS TO MATERIALIZE, AS IN THE ANCIENT TALE OF ALADDIN'S LAMP-- SHATTERING A SOLID-LOOKING ROCK TO REVEAL...



BEHOLD--THE DOORWAY TO DREAMS! WHAT ADVENTUROUS MORTAL WILL ACCOMPANY THE GENIE INTO THE WONDROUS REALMS BEYOND?

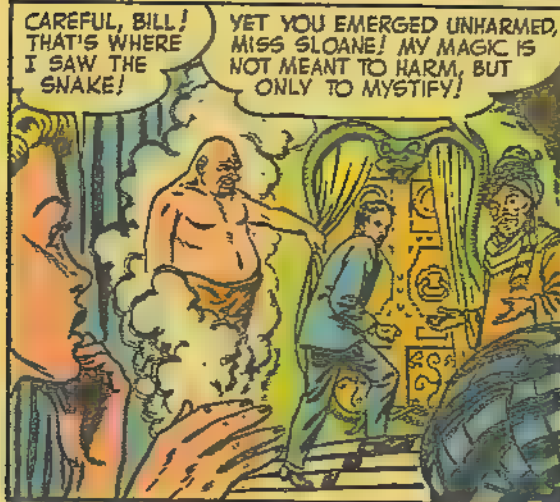
MISS SLOANE TRIED THE EXPERIMENT LAST NIGHT, CONGO BILL!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TRY IT NOW!



CAREFUL, BILL! THAT'S WHERE I SAW THE SNAKE!

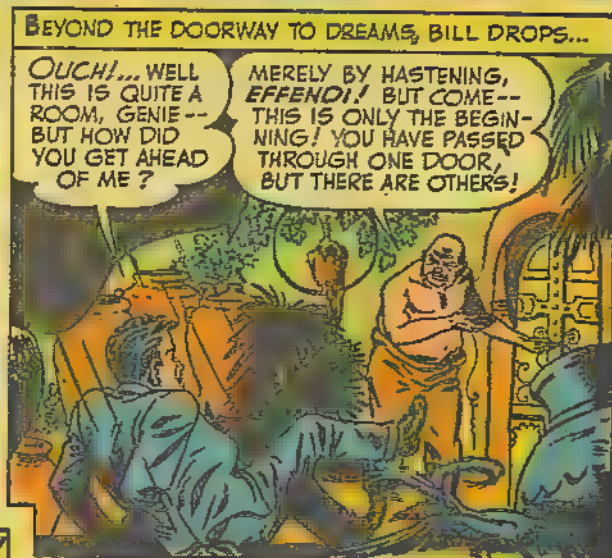
YET YOU EMERGED UNHARMED, MISS SLOANE! MY MAGIC IS NOT MEANT TO HARM, BUT ONLY TO MYSTIFY!



BEYOND THE DOORWAY TO DREAMS, BILL DROPS...

OUCH!... WELL THIS IS QUITE A ROOM, GENIE-- BUT HOW DID YOU GET AHEAD OF ME?

MERELY BY HASTENING, EFFENDI! BUT COME-- THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! YOU HAVE PASSED THROUGH ONE DOOR, BUT THERE ARE OTHERS!



SUDDENLY ALL MAKE-BELIEVE IS FORGOTTEN!

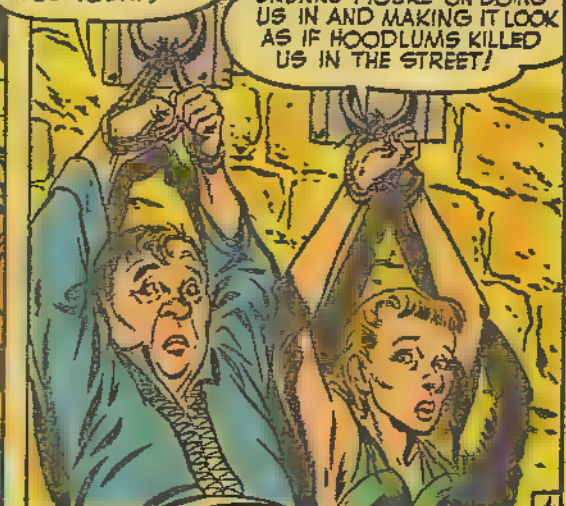
BUT THIS IS THE LAST DOOR FOR YOU--

WHAT--? I KNEW I'D FIND MY OLD ATTACKERS, WANTING TO GET ROUGH AGAIN-- BUT NOT HARRY AND MAIZIE!



THEY GRABBED US AS SOON AS WE FINISHED OUR ACT, BECAUSE I HELPED YOU TODAY!

LOOKS LIKE ABAR SINGH IS CROOKED, AND MIR BELA IS ON HIS TEAM-- AND THE LOWDOWN SKUNKS FIGURE ON DOING US IN AND MAKING IT LOOK AS IF HOODLUMS KILLED US IN THE STREET!





IN THAT CASE, LET'S GET STARTED! NO SENSE STALLING!

AIEE-EEE EEE!



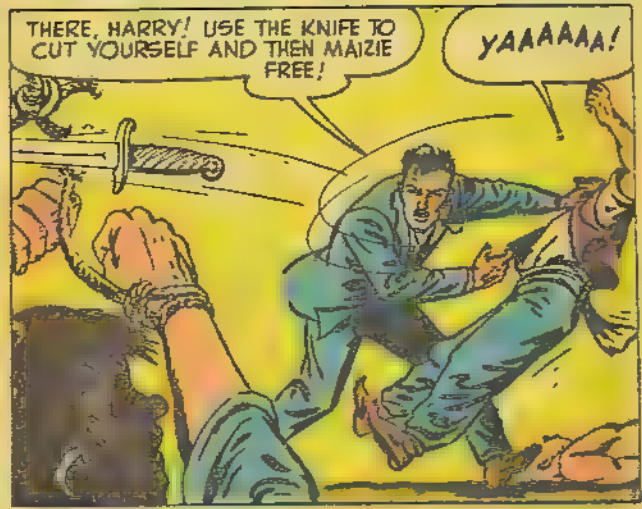
NOW THAT I CAN REACH YOU, CHUM, WE'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH IN THAT GAG ABOUT THE BIGGER THEY COME, THE HARDER THEY FALL!

LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, BILL!



YOU'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF TO HANG ONTO THE SHIV, RAT! YOU SEE, I CAN THROW ONE, TOO!

NOW YOU'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!



THERE, HARRY! USE THE KNIFE TO CUT YOURSELF AND THEN MAIZIE FREE!

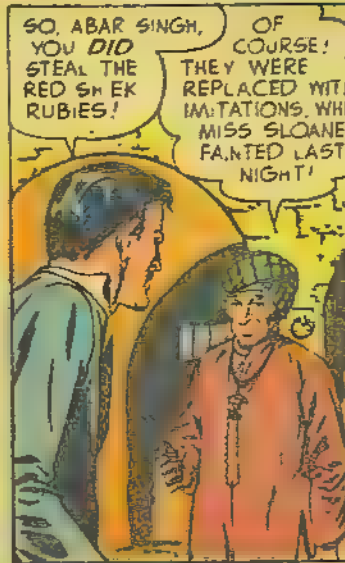
YAAAAAA!



VICTORY IS PRACTICALLY WITHIN CONGO BILL'S GRASP WHEN, ABRUPTLY, THE TABLES ARE TURNED.

HAD ENOUGH? OR SHALL WE PLAY SOME MORE--?

WE SHALL PLAY SOME MORE, MY FRIEND -- ACCORDING TO MY RULES!



SO, ABAR SINGH, YOU DID STEAL THE RED SHAK RUBIES!

OF COURSE! THEY WERE REPLACED WITH IMITATIONS, WHEN MISS SLOANE FAINTED LAST NIGHT!



AS SLOANE'S PURCHASING AGENT I RECEIVED THE JEWELS FIRST! IT WAS EASY TO HAVE DUPLICATES PREPARED!

SO YOU'RE A COMMON THIEF, ENTERTAINING RICH PEOPLE FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF ROBBING THEM!

AN **UNCOMMON** THIEF, LET US SAY! FEW OF MY VICTIMS LEARNED OF THEIR LOSSES UNTIL LONG AFTERWARD, AND NONE HAVE DREAMED OF SUSPECTING ME!

IN MY BOOK, THAT MAKES YOU LOWER THAN THE SNAKE YOU USED TO SCARE MISS SLOANE!



NEXT INSTANT...

YOU ANGER ME, CONGO BILL -- WHICH MAKES KILLING YOU A PLEASURE!... WHAT--?

KEOKUK SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOU, HARRY! GRAB THE GUN, WHILE I TIE UP THE BIG FELLOW AND THE TWO THUGS FOR THE POLICE!



PRESENTLY...

OH-H-H!

EH? WHAT'S THIS?

LAST NIGHT I RELIEVED YOUR DAUGHTER OF THE RED SHIEK RUBIES, MERELY AS A JEST-- BUT CONGO BILL EVIDENTLY LACKS A SENSE OF HUMOR!



BUT WHEN THE TRUE STORY IS TOLD...

ABAR, YOU TREACHEROUS RAT! YOU'LL SPEND A LONG TIME IN PRISON-- AND THERE'LL BE A REWARD FOR YOU, CONGO BILL!

NO, SLOANE-- THE COMPANY PAYS ME FOR THINGS LIKE THIS! BUT I KNOW A COUPLE OF ARABS FROM KEOKUK WHO DESERVE AND NEED A REWARD!



SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS A SHIP STARTS THE LONG VOYAGE TO AMERICA...

WE'RE BOUND TO MAKE A FORTUNE IN THE STATES WITH OUR ARABIAN NIGHTS SHOW, BILL-- THANKS TO YOU! KISS HIM AGAIN FOR ME, MAIZIE!

GIVE MY REGARDS TO KEOKUK!... HEY-- YOU'RE CHOKING ME!



AND THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE LOCAL AIRPORT...

SORRY YOU WOULDN'T ACCEPT A REWARD, OLD MAN!

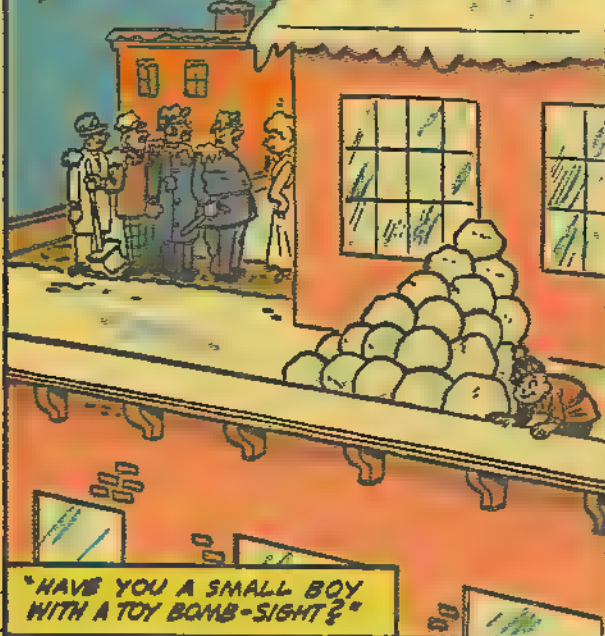
HE'LL ACCEPT ONE FROM ME! LOOK!

TWICE THE SAME DAY! I'M DOING ALL RIGHT!

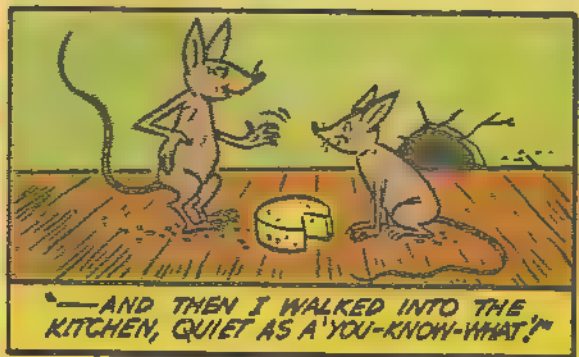
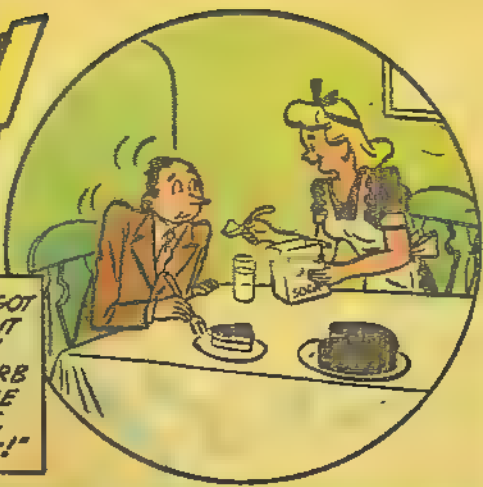


The End

TON O' FUN



"I FORGOT TO PUT ANY BICARB IN THE CAKE, SO---!"



ADVERTISEMENT

Kids! GET THESE GREAT PRIZES for Bazooka Wrappers!



Prize #110

Lucky Baseball Ring!

Hit-a-Homer Baseball Ring. Gold-plated. Size adjustable. You get an official Big League baseball schedule with each ring!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 15¢.

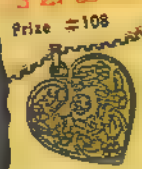


Prize #132

Air-Combat Goggles!

Exactly like those worn by soldiers and airmen in training for combat. Swell for fast bike riding. Protect your eyes from wind and dust!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.



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Perfumed Necklace for your Best Girl!

Fine, filigree pendant. Gold-plated chain with clasp. Your girl refills it with her own perfume. A handsome gift!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 25¢.



Prize #111

Felt Sweater Letters!

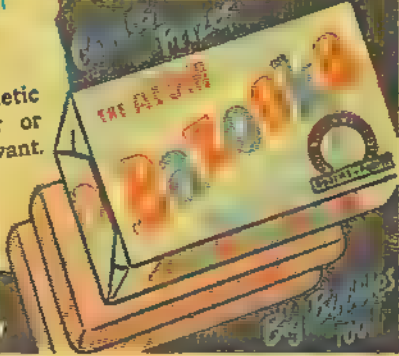
Wear 'em on your athletic duds. Mention any letter or number in the color you want. Outfit your whole team!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.

Send Bazooka wrappers, or any prize number, name and address to

Box 7, Product 32, M. T.

2 BIG CHEWS 1¢



BAZOOKA...the Arm Bubble Gum

SMOKE-EATER

JACK TOWNSEND IS CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS A GENIUS AT LICKING FOREST FIRES. JACK FOUGHT HIS FIRST AT 14, A PRAIRIE FIRE IN TEXAS. SINCE THEN HE HAS DIRECTED THE BATTLE AGAINST 203 BIG ONES!

SEND 200 MEN — OR TOWNSEND!

ONCE, IN WYOMING, A RANGER SENT OUT AN URGENT MESSAGE — "SEND US 200 FIRE-FIGHTERS — OR JACK TOWNSEND!"

HE HAS AN UNCANNY SENSE OF KNOWING JUST WHERE TO DRAW A FIRE LINE AND JUST WHEN THE WIND WILL SHIFT. HE KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS.

NOW, GET GOING!

YES, SIR!

Jack Townsend

HE USES ALL THE MECHANICAL AIDS HE CAN GET — BULDOZERS TO CUT A ROAD — EXPLOSIVES TO CLEAR A LINE.

BRING ON THAT DYNAMITE!

BUT BEST OF ALL, HE'S A BORN LEADER OF MEN. JACK HAS BEEN A COWBOY AND IS NOW A GUNSMITH. HE HAS NEVER BEEN A RANGER, BUT A U.S. FOREST SERVICE PHONE HANGS FROM HIS CABIN WALL NEAR FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ., WHERE HE IS "ON CALL" 24 HOURS A DAY!



GROUCHO MARXES ON

EVEN if Groucho Marx were not one of the internationally famous Marx Brothers of the stage and screen, he would still be one of the top comedy stars of radio.

As it is, Groucho is a boon to all radio listeners who have been bewitched by four decades of merry Marx madness. The Groucho of the airwaves conjures up the familiar figure of the painted mustache, glasses, cigar, leer, and loping strides.

Today, Groucho does everything but sing, yet he began his theatrical career as a boy soprano when, not quite 11, he joined a Gus Edwards troupe.

To go all the way back, Groucho Marx was born Julius Marx in New York City, Oct. 2, 1895 to Samuel and Minna Marx. Leonard (Chico), Adolph (Harpo), Milton (Gummo) had preceded Groucho. Herbert (Zeppo) followed.

Mrs. Marx, who died in 1929, was a remarkable woman. The theatre was in her blood. Her father had been a German magician, and she had trouped with his show as a harp player. Her brother is Al Sheean, half of the famous Gallagher and Sheean vaudeville team.

Father Marx was a poor New York tailor, but his wife was determined that their children enter show business. So money was scraped up to give Chico, the eldest, piano lessons. Harpo took up the harp and taught himself to play.

Groucho was a dour-faced boy, but he had the best sense of humor. Mrs. Marx took him to Gus Edwards, who gave the boy soprano a spot in the musical act "The Messenger Boys." He sang with other kids in various restaurants to raise money for the victims of the San Francisco earthquake. After that, Groucho joined a minor vaudeville troupe which toured the country impersonating girl singers. Groucho was stranded in Denver when his voice changed. He worked as a wagon driver in Cripple Creek to earn the funds to get home. Back in New York, he played a newsboy in a vaudeville sketch and served as a singer between acts.

Early in the 1910s, Mrs. Marx organized a trio of singers—Groucho, a tenor and a girl—called "The Three Nightingales." Harpo entered the act (shoved onstage by his mother, he was struck dumb by stage fright and has been mute on stage since) and it became "The Four Nightingales." At one point, Mrs. Marx and the boys' aunt joined the act to change the name to "The Six Mascots." They traveled all over the East, and eventually settled in Chicago.

The kids traveled half-fare until one day a conductor found one of them shaving and another smoking a cigar. When informed of this seemingly unnatural state of affairs, Mrs. Marx is reported to have remarked with surprise: "They grow so fast."

The Marx act went through many changes

until finally Chico and Gummo were recruited to team with Groucho and Harpo, dropping all others, to become the Four Marx Brothers. They became a recognized comedy team on the major vaudeville circuits in such skits as "Fun in Hi Skule" and "Home Again," and slowly they developed the routines that later became so well known. Groucho was the low-slung, leering, loquacious man with the mustache; Harpo the harp-strumming mute; Chico, the dialectician and piano pounder; and Gummo—and later his replacement, Zeppo—pretty much a straight man.

They had their names changed from the prosaic titles they were born with by Art Fischer, a monologist, in 1916. Fischer gave them all the names by which they are known today. The brothers also developed their mad, uninhibited method of acting through two incidents. One day in Nacogdoches, Tex., they almost lost their audience when a mule began to kick a cart to pieces outside the theatre. The Marxes burlesqued their own act wildly, and got the audience back. Soon after, in Brownsville, Tex., they resorted to the mad burlesque again after a sheriff had stripped the stage of all scenery and props.

During World War I, Harpo and Gummo went into the Army, and Chico and Groucho toured Army camps. After the war, Gummo quit the act to become a manufacturer. Zeppo took his place, and the Four Marx Brothers were off again—in "Mr. Green's Reception," and other revues. However, it wasn't until 1922 that they really clicked. They bought a weak musical and revised it as "I'll Say She Is." They played it for six months in Chicago, where they got to know Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

When the brothers brought their musical to New York in 1924, they opened in a busy week. The show got tepid reviews. Hecht and MacArthur, convinced of the Marx genius, persuaded Alexander Woolcott to catch the show. Woolcott did, and was captivated. He sang the Marx praises, and the show played New York for 48 weeks before it hit the road. The brothers became mem-

bers of the Thanatopsis Club, which included Woolcott, F.P.A., Heywood Brown and Robert Benchley.

Then followed the more famous Marx musical comedies: "The Coconuts" (1926), and "Animal Crackers" (1928), both made into movies in 1929. They played London in 1930, and when they returned, they made a string of movies: "Monkey Business," "Horsefeathers," "Duck Soup" (after which, in 1933, Zeppo dropped out of the act to become an actors' agent), "A Night at the Opera," "A Day at the Races," "Room Service," "A Day at the Circus," "Go West," and "The Big Store."

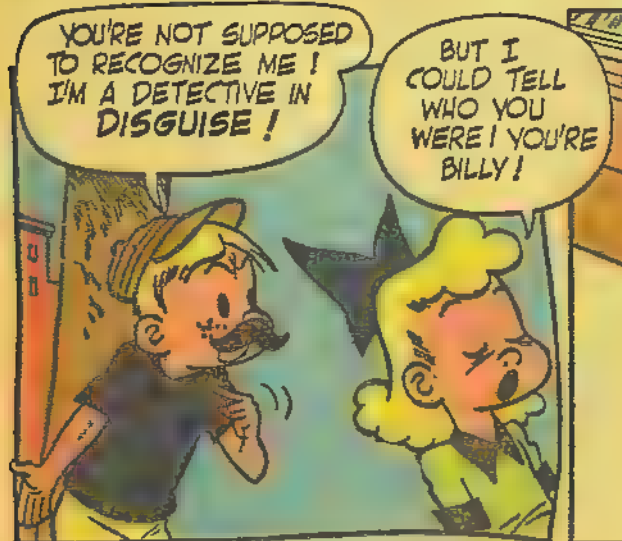
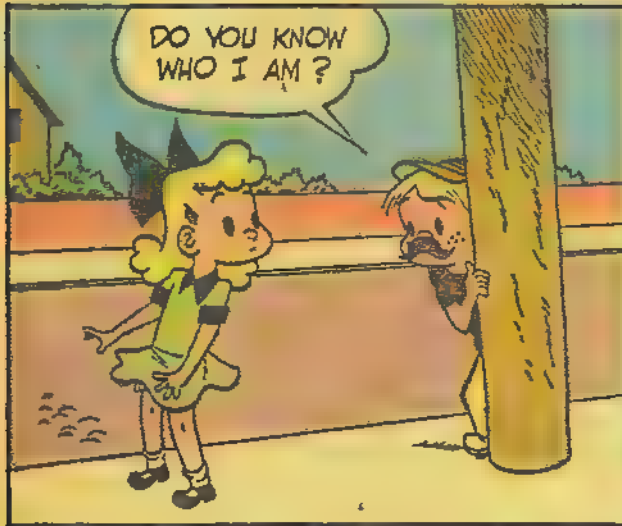
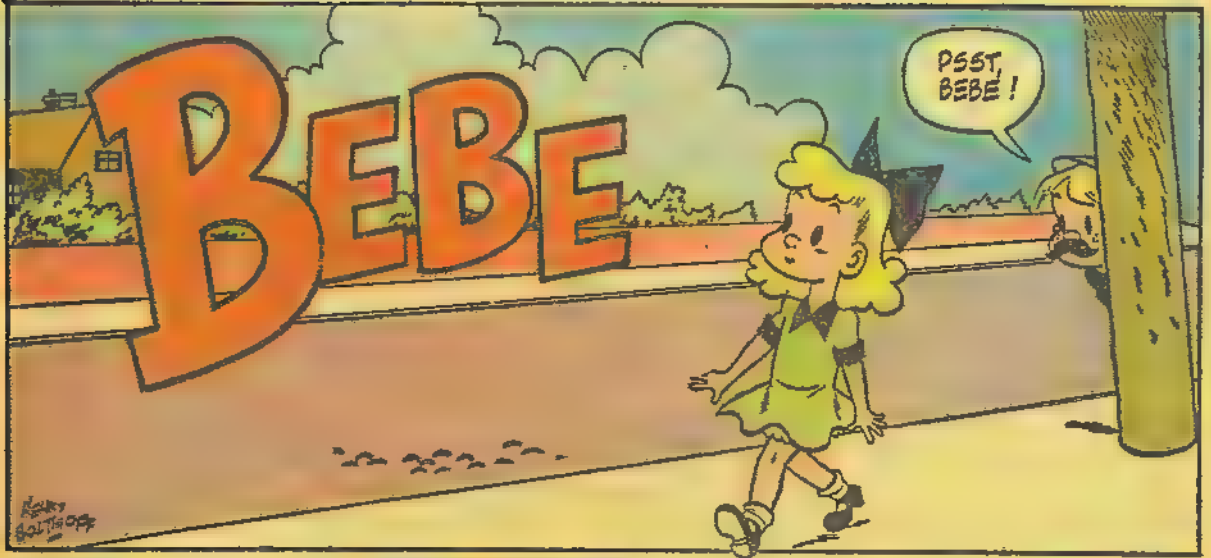
In 1941, the Marx Brothers retired from movies. But public demand brought them together again in "A Night in Casablanca" in 1946.

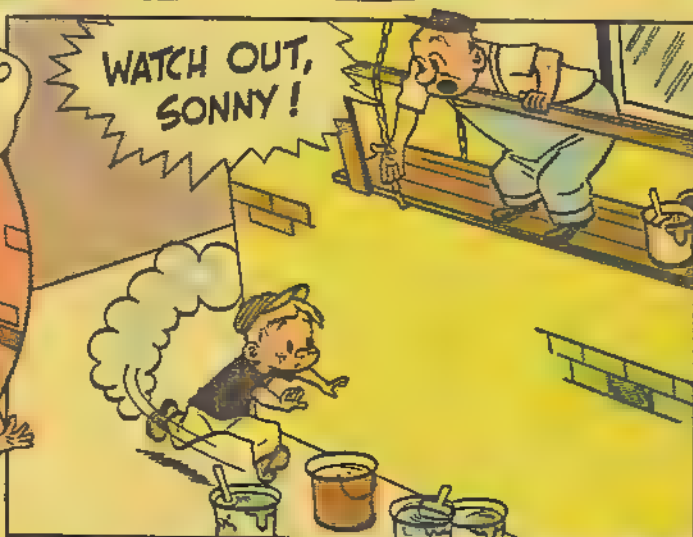
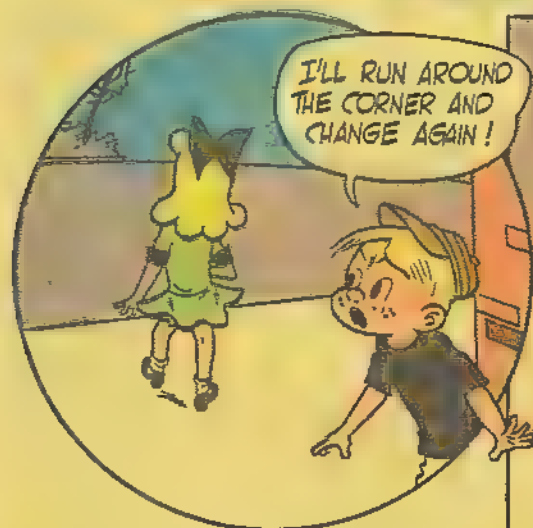
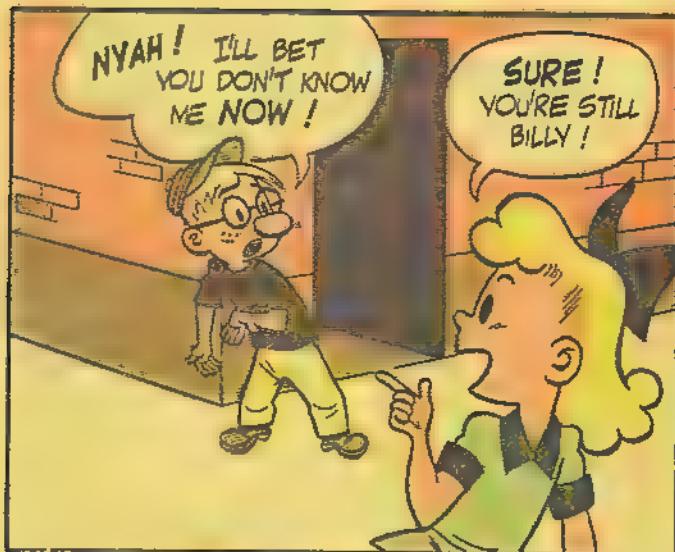
Meanwhile, Groucho had been busy on his own. He wrote a book, "Many Happy Returns," and many magazine articles. He appeared without his brothers in the movie "Copacabana." He had collaborated on the movie script of "The King and the Chorus Girl" in 1937, and last year wrote, with Norman Krasna, the play "A Time For Elizabeth."

Groucho had had a radio program with Chico in 1934. Seven years later, Groucho was back on the air with his own show. He has been quip-quizzing on CBS' "You Bet Your Life," and won a George Foster Peabody Award, for his wisecracks in 1948.

Groucho's first marriage ended in divorce in 1942. In July 1945, he married Catherine Mavis Gorcey. They have one child, and live on the fringe of the campus of the University of California, where Groucho is sometimes mistaken for one of the professors.

Groucho is fond of tennis, baseball, and practical jokes. At a masquerade party he threw in February 1948, many of his admirers came dressed as Groucho. A Life photographer snapped a picture of nine Grouchos, and readers were asked to identify the real one. The real Groucho was in the picture, all right, but he was disguised as Chico.





VIGILANTE

4 DANGEROUS KILLER SELDOM LEAVES A LIVING WITNESS TO TESTIFY TO HIS EVIL DEEDS. BUT THE KILLER OF TED WILSON FEELS SAFE BECAUSE THE ONLY WITNESS TO HIS CRIME IS A DUMB ANIMAL!! BUT... THE DEFIANT DESPERADO DOESN'T COUNT ON VIGILANTE, THE WEST'S DARING DEPUTY OF JUSTICE WHO PERFORMS AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FEAT BY CONFRONTING THE CUNNING CRIMINAL WITH THAT MOST AMAZING WITNESS EVER TO BRAND A SLAYER...

THE PROSECUTION NOW CALLS ITS STAR WITNESS... SAGE, THE WONDER HORSE!

"The HORSE THAT COULD TALK!"

DAN BARRY

ONE NIGHT, AS SAGE, THE WONDER HORSE, STAR PERFORMER OF COLONEL KIP KAGEN'S WILD WEST SHOW, ENDS ANOTHER SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE...

HURRAY!

TED WILSON'S A GREAT TRAINER!



HOURS LATER, IN THE STOCK TENT BEHIND THE NOW DESERTED BIG TOP...

SO YOU'RE THE CULPRIT! I'VE BEEN ON TO YOUR TRICK FOR A LONG TIME! YOU HAD TO TURN UP AGAIN, SOONER OR LATER... THAT'S WHY I'VE BUNKED HERE, WITH SAGE, FOR THE PAST WEEK!



OKAY, SO YOU KNOW MY SECRET, WILSON! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT! SO LONG, SMART GUY!



NEXT MORNING...

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE TED WILSON WAS SHOT, SHERIFF! RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS GREAT HORSE, SAGE!

AND I GUESS YOU WERE THE ONLY WITNESS, SAGE! THIS CASE WOULD SURE BE SIMPLE IF YOU COULD ONLY TALK!



LATER, IN COLONEL KAGEN'S OFFICE TRAILER...

GOSH, COLONEL! WILSON WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD TRAIN SAGE! AND WITHOUT THAT HORSE'S ACT, THE SHOW IS SURE TO BE A FLOP!

YOU'RE RIGHT, RANDALL... BUT I'VE ALREADY FIGURED OUT A WAY TO KEEP SAGE IN THE SHOW!



WILSON ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT THE FELLER WHO HELPED HIM TRAIN SAGE! HIS NAME'S VIGILANTE! WITH THAT HOMBRE AROUND, WE'D NOT ONLY KEEP THE ACT, BUT WE'D ALSO SCARE OFF EVERY BADMAN IN THE WEST! WE MUST TALK VIGILANTE INTO JOININ' THE SHOW!



AND SO, THAT EVENING, AS GREG SANDERS, THE **PRAIRIE TROUBADOR**, AND HIS YOUNG PAL, STUFF, FINISH THEIR POPULAR RADIO SHOW...

BE WITH YOU NEXT WEEK, FOLKS! TILL THEN, YOUR OLD PAL GREG SANDERS WILL MOSEY DOWN THE COWBOY TRAIL SINGIN' A WESTERN TUNE...

AH, YOU'RE OFF THE AIR AT LAST, SANDERS! I MUST TALK TO YOU! THEY TELL ME YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF **VIGILANTE**!

SINCE TED WILSON'S DEATH, **VIGILANTE** IS THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN WORK WITH HIS HORSE, SAGE! I'LL PAY HIM **ANYTHING** TO JOIN MY SHOW!

HMM... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE TED'S MURDER WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION... THIS OFFER MAKES THINGS PERFECT!

OKAY, COLONEL, I'LL SPEAK TO **VIGILANTE**! HE WAS TED'S BEST FRIEND, AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP OUT!



RETURNING HOME, GREG IMMEDIATELY SWITCHES TO HIS DISGUISE AS **VIGILANTE**, FEARLESS MASKED DEFENDER OF JUSTICE...

EVERY TOWN COLONEL KAGEN'S SHOW VISITED WAS PLAGUED BY A SERIES OF ROBBERIES! DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE CRIMES AND TED'S MURDER, VIG?

I'M NOT SURE, STUFF... BUT AS ACTUAL PERFORMERS IN THE SHOW, THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO FIND OUT!



NEXT DAY, HE JOINS HIS FAMOUS STEED...

MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO HELP US OUT THIS WAY, **VIGILANTE**! I SEE SAGE REMEMBERS YOU FROM HIS TRAINING DAYS!

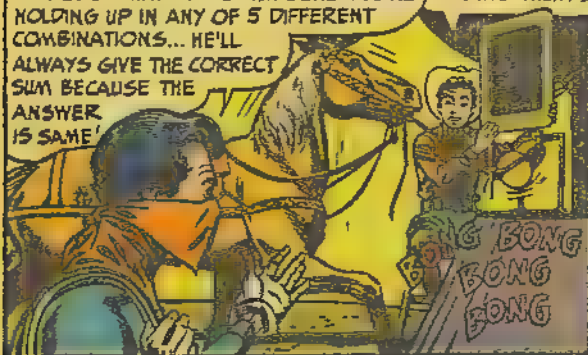
A SMART HORSE NEVER FORGETS A FACE, COLONEL! NOW WE'D BETTER GET RIGHT TO WORK... THERE'S VERY LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE SHOW OPENS IN GRAND CITY!



THIS BEGIN LONG HOURS OF REHEARSAL, AS THE WONDER HORSE RUNS SMOOTHLY THROUGH HIS INTRICATE ROUTINE...

1, 2, 3, 4... RIGHT, SAGE! YOU SEE, STUFF? WE CAN SHOW HIM THOSE NUMBERS YOU'RE HOLDING UP IN ANY OF 5 DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS... HE'LL ALWAYS GIVE THE CORRECT SUM BECAUSE THE ANSWER IS SAME!

GOSH! YOU'D THINK HE WAS REALLY ADDING THEM UP!



BEFORE THE SHOW, I'LL SPOT A GIRL IN THE AUDIENCE WITH A CERTAIN COLOR HAT! THEN, I'LL GIVE SAGE THE SIGNAL FOR THAT COLOR BY POINTING OUT THE GIRL! FOR PRACTICE, LET'S TRY **RED**, STUFF!

HE DID IT! WHEN YOU POINTED TO MY RED CAP, SAGE PICKED OUT A RED DISC!



MEANWHILE, IN THE NEARBY STOCK TENT..

I JUST TOOK A LOOK IN THE BIG TOP BOSS' VIGILANTE HAS THE ACT IN FINE SHAPE!

GOOD! WITH HIM AROUND, THE GRAND CITY COPS WON'T BE LIKELY TO SUSPECT

ANYONE FROM THE SHOW - WHEN WE PULL SOME REALLY BIG TIME JOBS!



DAYS LATER, AS THE GRAND CITY OPENING LOOMS MINUTES AWAY..

HOOF POLISHED MANE COMBED, COAT CURRIED AND POWDERED! GEE, I NEVER REALIZED A SHOW HORSE WENT THROUGH ALL THIS!

THERE'S THE CUE, STUFF! ALL SET FOR THE BIG PARADE?

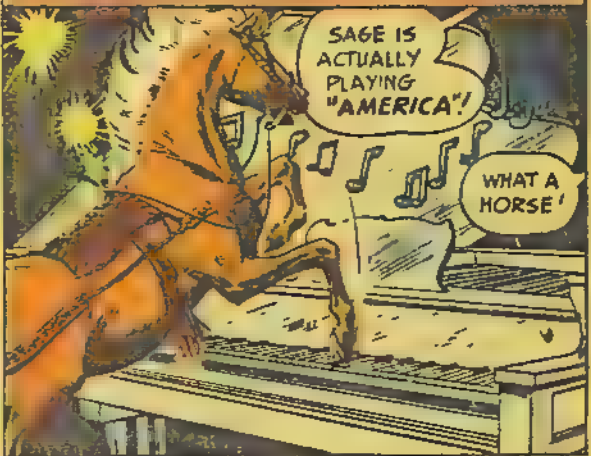


THEN TO THE THRILLING STRAINS OF THE 'ENTRY MARCH', A COLORFUL CAVALCADE OF THE OLD WEST HERALDS THE START OF ANOTHER GREAT SHOW...

BOOM BOOM
TARA TARAM



AFTER 2 THRILL-PACKED HOURS COMES THE GRAND FINALE FEATURED BY **SAGE**, THE WONDER HORSE..



SAGE IS ACTUALLY PLAYING "AMERICA"!

WHAT A HORSE!

AND AS THE PLEASED AUDIENCE FILES FROM THE ARENA..

CONGRATULATIONS, VIGILANTE! YOU'RE ONE OF THE GREATEST RIDERS I'VE EVER SEEN!

AND COMING FROM RANDALL HERE, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT! HE'S QUITE A HORSEMAN HIMSELF, BEFORE HE WAS HURT IN A RODEO ACCIDENT! AFTER THAT, HE COULDN'T RIDE AT ALL... SO HE GAVE ALL HIS



TRAPPINGS TO TED WILSON! EVEN SAGE'S PRIVATE FEED BOX ONCE BELONGED TO PETE RANDALL!

LATER, AS VIG AND STUFF HEAD HOME, ALONG GRAND CITY'S MAIN STREET.

HELP! THERE'S BEEN A HOLD-UP!

A MASKED BANDIT! LET'S GO, STUFF! HE'S THE MAN WE'RE AFTER!



INSTANTLY THE PRAIRIE PALADIN LEAPS INTO ACTION...

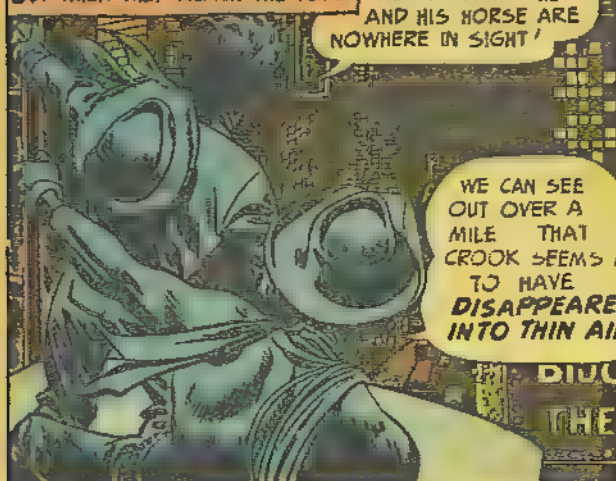
HA HA WESTERN BANDITS ON A CITY STREET MUST BE A PUBLICITY STUNT!

QUICK STUFF! CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THIS SIGN! FROM THERE WE CAN SPOT THE BANDIT IN THE MAZE OF STREETS!



BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE TOP...

THAT'S FUNNY HE AND HIS HORSE ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

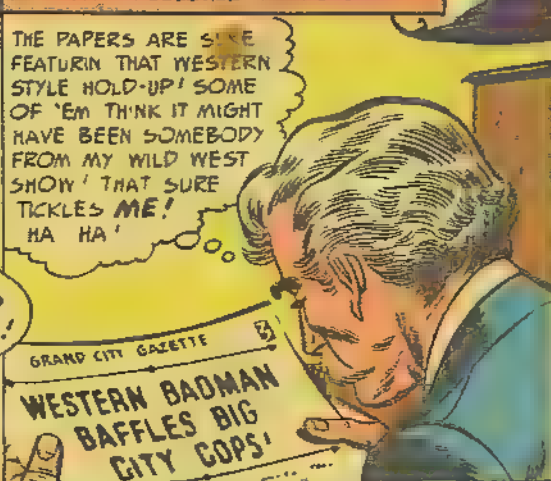


WE CAN SEE OUT OVER A MILE THAT CROOK SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

NEXT DAY IN COLONEL KAGEN'S OFFICE.

THE PAPERS ARE SURE FEATURING THAT WESTERN STYLE HOLD-UP! SOME OF 'EM THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY FROM MY WILD WEST SHOW! THAT SURE TICKLES ME! HA HA!

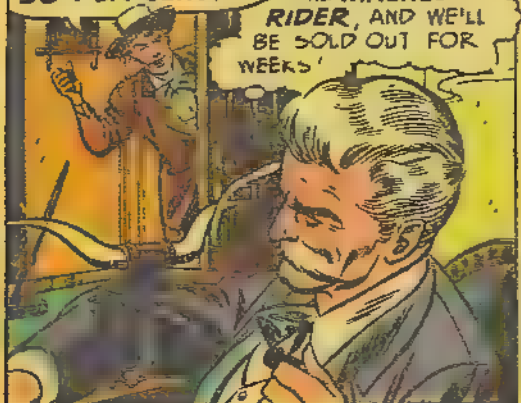
GRAND CITY GAZETTE
WESTERN BADMAN BAFFLES BIG CITY COPS!



GOOD NEWS COLONEL! ALL THAT PUBLICITY ABOUT THE WILD WEST ROBBERY HAS BOOSTED OUR ADVANCE SALES BY 50 PER CENT!

THANKS FOR LETTIN' ME KNOW, PETE!

ANOTHER JOB BY THE MASKED RIDER, AND WE'LL BE SOLD OUT FOR WEEKS!



HOURS LATER IN THE CITY RAILROAD TERMINAL TERROR STRUCK AGAIN

STOP HIM! HE GRABBED A MAIL BAG FROM THE LOADING PLATFORM

IT'S THE MASKED RIDER!



SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL

WE'VE BLOCKED OFF THE WHOLE AREA LIEUTENANT, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE BANDIT OR HIS HORSE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SULLIVAN! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THE MASKED RIDER HAS DISAPPEARED RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES!

NEXT MORNING, IN SAGE'S STALL, UNDER THE ARENA

HERE'S THE KEY TO SAGE'S PRIVATE FEED BOX, STUFF! I THINK HE'LL GO FOR A HEARTY BREAKFAST!

THANKS, VIG! SAY, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST NEWS? THE MASKED RIDER STRUCK AGAIN LAST NIGHT!



I HEARD ABOUT IT, STUFF. . AND TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT—ONCE AND FOR ALL — WHETHER THAT BANDIT IS CONNECTED WITH THE SHOW! LISTEN, HERE'S MY PLAN.



THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW, OUTSIDE THE DARK DESERTED ARENA

EASY THERE BOY! YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER BIG NIGHT AHEAD!

THE MASKED RIDER ROUTINE SURE HAS THESE DUMB CITY COPS BUFFALOED! HA HA!

BUT WHEN THE CROOKS ARE ABOUT TO DRIVE OFF...

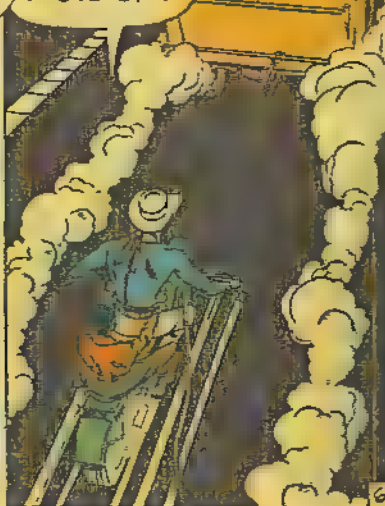
NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND THEM, VIG HOW CAN WE TRAIL THEM? THEY'RE SURE TO GET WISE, WHEN THEY HEAR THE NOISE OF YOUR MOTORCYCLE!

WE WON'T NEED ANY MOTOR, STUFF! THOSE CRITTERS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE GIVING US A FREE RIDE... TO WHEREVER THEY'RE HEADED!



AND AS THE HORSE VAN HEADS ACROSS THE CITY...

NO WONDER THE MASKED RIDER DISAPPEARED AFTER EACH JOB! WHILE THE COPS SEARCHED FOR HIS HORSE, HE JUST GALLOPED INTO THIS TRUCK AND INNOCENTLY DROVE OFF!



SOON...

THEY'RE PARKING HERE! MOST LIKELY, THEY'RE PLANNING TO HOLD UP THAT ALL NIGHT MOVIE HOUSE!

CHECK! BEFORE THEY SPOT US, WE'LL COAST OUT OF SIGHT! THAT WAY, WE CAN NAB THE MASKED RIDER RED-HANDED!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE BANDIT CHARGES TOWARD THE TERRIFIED CASHIER...

HOLD IT, COWBOY! HERE'S WHERE YOU REALLY PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS!

VIGILANTE!



ABRUPTLY...

LOOK OUT, VIG! THAT HORSE'S GONE BERSERK!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, VIGILANTE!



WHILE THE PRAIRIE LAWMAN IS OFF-BALANCE, THE HOODED GUNMAN CHARGES INTO THE CROWDED THEATER, AND...

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, VIGILANTE... OR I START FIRING INTO THE AUDIENCE!

IT'S THE MASKED RIDER!

LET HIM GO, VIG, OR SOME OF US WILL BE KILLED!



SO, VIGILANTE MUST LET THE WILY CROOK RIDE OFF--SCOT FREE...

IF WE'D TRIED NABBING HIM IN THE THEATER, WE'D HAVE ENDANGERED TOO MANY LIVES!

AND THIS GIVES HIM A GOOD START! BY THE TIME WE GET THE MOTOR-CYCLE FROM THE FRONT OF THE THEATER AND REACH THE ARENA, HE'LL HAVE REPLACED THE HORSE AND BE GONE!



NEXT DAY, DURING A PRE-PERFORMANCE WORKOUT...

'AFTERNOON, VIGILANTE! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE EXTRA CHORES, BUT PETE RANDALL'S BROUGHT OVER SOME NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS TO TAKE PUBLICITY PICTURES!

NOT AT ALL, COLONEL KAGEN.. HAPPY TO OBLIGE!



SUDDENLY AS A CAMERAMAN'S FLASH BULB BURSTS WITH A GUN-LIKE REPORT



LOOK OUT, PETE! THE EXPLOSION SCARED THAT BRONCO! HE'S STAMPEDIN' RIGHT AT YOU!

SWIFTLY RANDALL SPINS AROUND AND MAKES AN AMAZING LEAP TO THE BACK OF THE CHARGING BEAST.



WOW! WHAT A LEAP! THIS BOY CAN REALLY RIDE!

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER PICTURE PETE? THAT WAS AS NICE A BIT OF HORSEMANSHIP AS I'VE SEEN, PETE!



HMM... PETE REALLY CAN RIDE!

THAT EVENING BEFORE SHOW TIME



RANDALL GAVE THIS FEED BOX TO TED WILSON! BUT THE WAY RANDALL HANDLED THAT BRONCO TODAY. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION?

HMM... SOMETHING ON THIS LID I NEVER NOTICED BEFORE! THAT PROVES. UGH! YOU'VE SNOOPED ONCE TOO OFTEN, VIGILANTE! BUT THIS'LL HOLD YOU TILL AFTER THE SHOW, WHEN I CAN GET RID OF YOU PERMANENTLY!

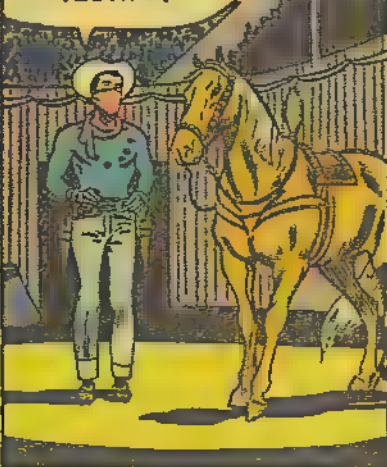


AWHILE LATER... SOMEONE CLUNKED ME FROM BEHIND, STUFF... JUST DAZED ME FOR A MOMENT! LET'S SEE. I WAS EXAMINING THIS LID, AND, AH, HERE'S THE ANSWER! COME ON, STUFF, WE'VE GOT TO START REHEARSING SAGE FOR THE MOST SENSATIONAL STUNT OF HIS CAREER!



AND SO, AS THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS, SAGE'S FAMED TRAINER ANNOUNCES A STARTLING NEW ROUTINE...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU'VE ALL HEARD HOW SAGE'S MASTER, TED WILSON, WAS MURDERED IN FRONT OF HIS BELOVED HORSE, BY A RUTHLESS KILLER! TONIGHT, I SHALL CALL UPON THE ONLY WITNESS TO THIS COWARDLY CRIME—TO TESTIFY!



IT WILL BE THE MOST ASTOUNDING FEAT EVER PERFORMED BY AN ANIMAL! FOR I SHALL ASK SAGE, THE WONDER HORSE TO 'NAME' HIS MASTER'S KILLER! READY? FIRST QUESTION, SAGE... IS THE MURDERER IN THE ARENA TONIGHT?

SURELY HE DOESN'T EXPECT A HORSE TO ANSWER THAT!



BUT TO THE AUDIENCE'S AMAZEMENT, SAGE DRAMATICALLY RESPONDS TO THE QUESTION...

LOOK! HE'S SHAKING HIS HEAD "YES!" THE MURDERER MUST BE RIGHT HERE, IN THE ARENA!

SAGE, TELL ME, NOW, IN WHICH ROW TED WILSON'S MURDERER IS SEATED?

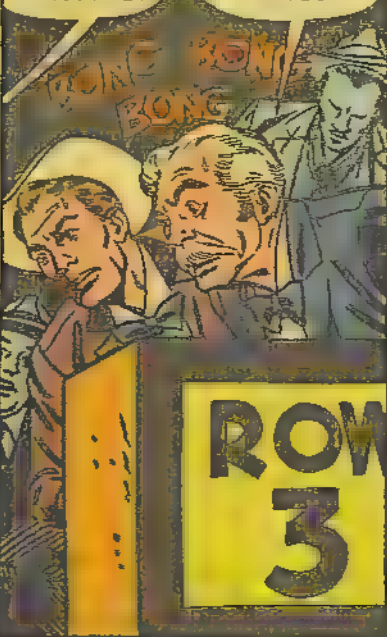
ASTOUNDING!



AGAIN, A STARTLING RESPONSE...

3 RINGS—WHICH MEANS THE KILLER IS SITTING IN ROW 3!

THIS WASN'T IN THE ACT! WHAT'S THAT FOOL VIGILANTE UP TO!



AND NOW, SAGE, RING THE NUMBER OF THE SEAT OCCUPIED BY THE KILLER!



BUT BEFORE THE WONDER HORSE CAN REPLY...

THAT HORSE MUST BE HUMAN! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

PETE RANDALL! SO YOU KILLED TED WILSON!



LEAPING BELOW THE STANDS, THE CONFUSED KILLER MAKES HIS BID FOR ESCAPE ...

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, TEX! THIS TIME, I'LL DO THE DRIVING!

I TOLD YOU THAT VIGILANTE WOULD MEAN TROUBLE!



SECONDS LATER, ALONG A CROWDED THOROUGHFARE ...

LOOK! A R. NAWAY STAGE COACH!

AND THERE'S VIGILANTE CHASING IT!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SAGE!



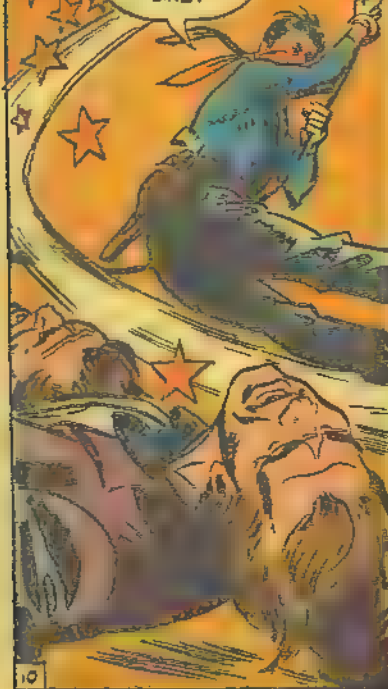
REACHING A GIANT BRIDGE, THE PURSUING LAWMAN SENDS HIS LARIAT WHIPPING THROUGH THE MAZE OF STEEL SUPPORTS ...

STEADY, SAGE... THIS IS IT!



THEN...

ALL OUT! END OF THE LINE!



LATER, BACK AT SAGE'S STALL, IN THE ARENA ...

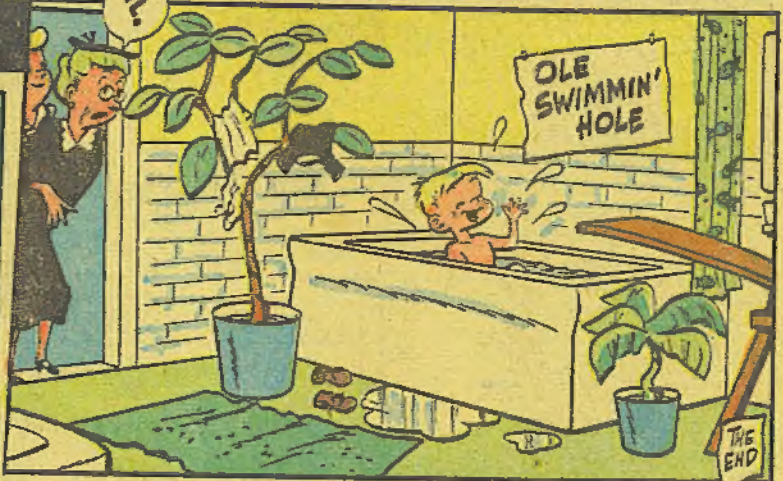
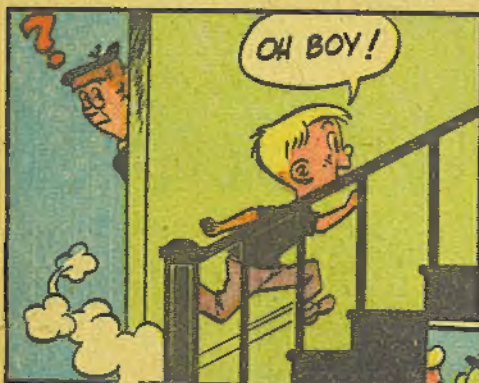
BUT VIG... WHAT MADE YOU SO SURE THE KILLER WAS RANDALL?

THIS SECRET COMPARTMENT, IN THE LID OF THE FEED BOX, GAVE HIM AWAY, STUFF! IT CONTAINS ALL OF THE MASKED BANDIT'S EQUIPMENT! RANDALL KILLED TED WHEN HE MADE THIS SAME DISCOVERY!



YOU SEE, RANDALL SAID THIS BOX ONCE WAS HIS! HE KEPT A KEY, FIGURING IF THINGS GOT TOO HOT, HE COULD FRAME TED FOR THOSE ROBBERIES! BUT HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY WHEN HE HANDLED THAT BRONC SO EXPERTLY... REMEMBER— HE CLAIMED HE COULDN'T RIDE! AS FOR SAGE, IT WAS EASY TO TEACH HIM TO RING OUT THOSE NUMBERS AT THE PROPER TIME!





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FLYING ABOVE THE STREETS OF SMALLVILLE, THE BOY OF STEEL SIGHTS A DEJECTED-LOOKING YOUTH...

HIYA, JIM! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB AGAIN?

YES, SUPERBOY.. BUT I GUESS I'M NOT AS GOOD AT SELLING AS I THOUGHT I'D BE.

WELL, WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO STICK TO THAT FIELD?... YOU KNOW, JIM, WHAT YOU NEED IS A QUICK VISIT TO SOME OF YOUR FORMER CLASSMATES WHO WERE GRADUATED AT THE SAME TIME YOU WERE!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

AND SO, A LITTLE LATER...

NOW, THERE'S JUDY HARPER STUDYING IN A COLLEGE LABORATORY FOR A SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

AND THERE'S ED BARRY, ASSISTING THE RECREATIONAL DIRECTOR OF OUR YOUTH CENTER. THAT'S ONLY THE START OF A CAREER. I'M SURE HE DIDN'T DECIDE ON IN A MINUTE!

NO, HE USED TO BE A CAMP COUNSELOR, AND ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT MAJORING IN SOCIAL WELFARE WORK IN COLLEGE!

YES, I REMEMBER SHE WAS ALWAYS KEEN ON CHEMISTRY IN HIGH SCHOOL!

EXACTLY! TROUBLE WITH YOU, JIM, WAS THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK OF YOUR BEST ABILITIES... NOW, DIDN'T YOU WORK AT JOE'S GARAGE DURING SUMMER MONTHS?

WHY, YES, BUT I DIDN'T TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY... HMM... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...

AND A WEEK LATER...

GOSH, SUPERBOY, YOU SURE PUT ME ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M GOOD AT! AND I'M TAKING NIGHT COURSES IN MECHANICS TO GET AHEAD!

DON'T WAIT FOR GRADUATION TO DECIDE ABOUT YOUR CAREER! ASK YOURSELF WHAT YOU'RE BEST SUITED FOR... CHECK WITH YOUR TEACHERS... TALK TO A VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES, WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



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